THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

JUNE, 1918

STRINDBERG AND HIS PLAYS

BY VANCE THOMPSON

August Strindberg—the greatest dramatist of his generation, the most tragic figure in modern literature—was a man who was hounded all his life by gods and by devils who had the faces of woman—a tragic man.

First of all I shall try and show what kind of a man he was—what he looked like—as he went the way of life. For the Great Truth is this: Every man is exactly what he looks!

It was in the later nineties and the early part of this century that I knew Strindberg. Those were the years when he walked in the shadow. A few years before he had known glory—he had stood, like a statue in a public square, with the light and crowd all around him. His plays held the theatres of Paris—three of them at one time. For the first and only time in his life, he was rich in money and applause. He had a pleasant house in the Quartier de Passy—a young and gentle wife, a pretty baby. At the Café Napolitain in the Boulevard des Italiennes—where the men of letters used to gather in those days: Catulle Mendes, Anatole France, Ernest La Jeunesse, Réthé, Richepin, Henri de Regnier—all the successful writers of the day—Strindberg held his little court. Days of glory! I did not know him in that proud moment; and it lasted but a little while.

The first time I saw him was in a little *crèmerie* in the Boulevard Raspail. Anyone of you who has ever known the *quartier Latin* knows it well—a huddled, noisy little restaurant where the students and girls of the Quarter dined for a few pence and (sometimes) paid.

I had gone there to see a boisterous painter of my friends—then a poor, wild Bohemian; to-day the greatest of American landscape painters in France, John Noble. Noble was not there and I sat down at a table and waited. A little model, whom everyone knew and everyone painted, came and kept me company. Her name was Minna. She was a silly, romping little girl, rather amusing.

The *crèmerie* was full of noise and laughter. Over in a corner sat one

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man—alone and gloomy. He was dressed in shabby, black clothes and crouched with his face in his hands—so you could see only a mop of grouse-coloured hair.

Minna was a little tipsy, and she began to bombard him with bread. He stood up and looked about him in a dazed way; and Minna, laughing, ran over and threw herself in his arms and kissed him.

It was just her hoidenish way of being merry.

The man pushed her off; and stood there—in the babbling, noisy restaurant—*and so you may see him!* He was tall and lean and haggard, with staring eyes and a tortured face—he looked like a man who had come from hell and he was August Strindberg. He gave a harsh cry and rushed out of the *crèmerie*, pursued by jeers and screams of derisive laughter. He was not sober.

A few days later I saw him. You know how it is.

There are two streets; you hesitate which one you shall take—and you turn to the right. Then, strolling idly on, you come face to face with a woman—and your whole life is changed. Had you gone through the other street nothing had happened. So this day—*by the chance which is not chance*—I passed the brasserie des Lilas.

It was an afternoon in May, and there on the terrace, alone at a table, Strindberg sat brooding over a glass of absinthe.

I took a seat at his table and told him who I was, for we had many friends in common—notably Sinding, the sculptor. So we talked. And he said:

"Do you know an American named Schlatter?"

Schlatter!

You remember what we said? The great truth—the only truth needed to take you through life—is that every man is exactly what he *looks!* Let me tell you what Strindberg looked like as he leaned over the table and asked me if I knew *Schlatter.* He was dressed, as I have said, in a shabby, cheap and ill-fitting suit of black—with dubious linen and a black shoestring sort of necktie. His hat was off and what struck me most was his hair. It must have been blonde in youth, but now it had become grouse-coloured like that of most middle-aged Swedes. It stood up—four inches above his scalp—and with his tortured and haggard face—he gave you the impression of a man who had been held up by the hair of his head and swung to and fro over an abyss.

His eyes were pale. There was a wild and fleeting look of agony in them. A long face, with high cheek-bones, an immense forehead, a nose that broadened at the tip, with flaring nostrils; and under it, shaded by a little, flat moustache, a mouth like a woman's mouth—a sad, tender, unhappy mouth with bluish lips.

This was August Strindberg, as he leaned across the table that Paris afternoon—his bony, spatulate fingers nervously interlocked.

"Do you know an American named Schlatter?"

I had heard of such a man. You may have heard of such a man. I think it was in Denver that he appeared—twenty years ago—as a "*healer.*" Thousands of vague dupes followed him and for a while the stories of his "cures" and his eccentricities and his "spiritual mission" filled the newspapers. And then, of a sud-

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den, he disappeared. His mad disciples sought him world-over—in cities and in the desert; but Schlatter, the "healer," had vanished.

Whither? Toward what new avatar?

This is what Strindberg told me: One day in the *crémerie* he met an American—a strange fellow—with a most portentous face, fat, snub, dew-lapped, thick-nosed bull of impudence and sensuality—a quack-face—German in type—who said he had just arrived in Paris to take up painting.

"I feared him," Strindberg said, "and he pursued me—a strange and awful man!"

Then one night the man came to Strindberg's poor room in the Rue d'Assas and asked for shelter. He was penniless; he had been driven out of his garret; the *crèmerie* refused him further credit—he had tried to commit suicide, but the morphine had merely made him sick.

And so Strindberg—though he disliked and feared the man—harboured him, in his generous poverty, for two months. For the man was unhappy. He told Strindberg of his frightful career—driven from Germany for some folly and crime of youth—he had wandered through America for seven years—as waiter in cheap restaurants, as professional hypnotist, finally as *healer*.

"A dangerous man," Strindberg whispered, "of shifty intelligence, a melancholy man, an unbridled sensualist—and what is most terrible is that he half believes in his own sorcery. He wanted to '*heal*' me. He told me he had 'healed' five thousand people over in America—in 1895."

Strindberg took from his pocket a page from the *Review of Reviews* (the French edition) on which was a photograph of Schlatter.

"That is the man," he said; "for two months I carried him on my shoulders—like an old man of the sea."

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," Strindberg said mysteriously, "he vanished. He was a terrible man. For days, even when I had food for him, he would pretend to fast. Perhaps he did. He said the only profit to be got out of life was in its contrasts. And then, having fasted, for days he would go to the Bal Bullier and drink and riot with the wild night-girls—and come back to my room and lie on the floor and weep and pray and curse for hours."

And Strindberg added solemnly: "At last God has saved me from this demon—he has vanished."

Was it Schlatter? I do not know. I say only what Strindberg said.

Was it Schlatter? Not long ago I was lecturing in Los Angeles.

It is a queer town, Los Angeles. Everything happens there.

I had just made some notes for my lecture, when a hairy little man left a newspaper at my door—a dreadful-looking sheet, the *Ram's Horn*, and I read:

"His Majesty King Francis Schlatter and His Royal Highness Prince A. Schrader of Shiloh House and Pastors of the Baptist Church —Cancer cured by prayer—The Blessing of Handkerchiefs — King Francis Schlatter is performing the same miracles as he did before Queen Victoria in *1852*, when she donated to him a big mansion!—Miracles Performed *Like* in the Days of Christ —Take Hollywood car to Fountain Avenue—I am Thy Lord that cures

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you and *make* you whole—phone Holly 2664"—and all the rest of it!

Is this the same Schlatter who sponged on my poor friend, Strindberg, over in Paris? Is it the *old dog* in a new doublet? Or a new dog in the old spangled coat?

Anyway it is a queer thing to find him here—brawling about God in bad English and advertising miracles—(but anything can happen in Los Angeles, that sunlit city—)

But I was talking of Strindberg's *mad years*.

It was then he *made gold*—for among other things he was an alchemist.

Strindberg was not a scholar in the classical sense, though he was a good Latinist, but he was as widely educated as any man I ever met. Of all the sciences he knew more or less. He was biologist, mineralogist, botanist, chemist—a man insatiably curious. He had none of the autolatry of the professional man of letters—of the pale professional poet who fancies literature is an occupation infinitely superior to all others—that it confers a sacred character—No! He could conceive genius under many forms. And so he lived a multiple life. When I knew him he had been a gardener; he was to be a monk; and he was a chemist, a great chemist. Remember it was Strindberg who discovered the component parts of sulphur, proving it to be a ternary compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. He did that!

His favourite walk was in the cemetery of Montparnasse. He noticed faint, awful exhalations rising from the graves—as though the badly buried dead were emerging from their tombs. So he went hunting the ghosts of these dead men: Thierry, Orfila, Dumont d'Urville, Boulay—Napoleon's honest man.

He held an open phial filled with liquid acetate of lead over the grave; and having trapped his ghost he corked it up—like the genii in the bottle—and took it home. There under the microscope, he studied the precipitate—ghost-crystals of the dead. A strange man—

And he made gold! Poet, dreamer, visionary—he made gold. Always truth has been first seen in a vision—always it has come first to the dreamer! Alchemists and transmuters of metals—for a thousand years official science had called them charlatans! *Raymond Lutte* and Roger Bacon were charlatans; and *Basil Valentine*, who isolated and described radium eight centuries ago, was a charlatan. Then one day Madame Curée rediscovered radium; and one day Sir William Ramsay changed one metal into another—he transmuted copper into lithium—and those forgotten alchemists were justified of science. Dead beliefs—like dead men—never die!

Then came Strindberg—the mad poet, with his dream of energising copper into silver, silver into gold. In his garret in the Rue d'Assas he worked over his retorts—playing with fire until the skin fell in flakes from his poor hands. And failed.

Then there happened one of those mad things that were always happening in Strindberg's life. He had made two hundred experiments with no result—not a trace of gold on his test paper. He walked out one morning into the Ave. de l'Observatoire. Two little scraps of paper were blown to

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him by the wind. He picked them up. On one were the figures 207: on the other—28. He took them home, and pondered. Now *207* is the atomic weight of lead and *28* that of silicium. That was all; but it was a glaze composed of lead and silicium that he transmuted for the first time into a mineralised gold of perfect beauty!

Dreamer, madman, poet, if you will—what was gold to him? In his own *Dream Play* he has given you the answer:

> Dreaming child of man . . .
> When from thy winged flight above the earth
> At times thou sweepest *downward to the dust,*
> It is to touch it only—not to stay!

One day Strindberg did not come to the Café des Lilas; like the mystagogue Schlatter he had vanished; the next thing I heard was that he had entered a monastery in Belgium. (I was not surprised.)

Once he said to me in his emphatic French: "*Dieu m'a tourmenté toute ma vie*"—God has tormented me all my life long! Not even in the cloister was he to make peace with Him. In a little while he fled.

One other thing tormented him all his life—woman.

It appears by the history of Samson, which is recorded in a notable book, that woman is the enemy of strong men.

Now Strindberg was a strong man. And you can understand neither his plays nor his life if you do not know the fierce, deep and tragic influence women had on him. Strindberg's father was a shopkeeper, his mother a servant. In his youth he dreamed of fair ladies—châtelaines with white hands and pale faces and soft eyes—and round him were the boisterous women of the tenement in which he lived. Then he met a Swedish countess—the dream-lady with white hands. She was married, but they broke that chain; and he swept her away into a new marriage of vehement adoration. And the pale lady trampled on his heart—rode him with spurs—poisoned his ideals. He woke from his dream of love, horrified—as one who has touched something cold and unclean.

In a book you know, *The Fool's Plea*, he pictured that woman—damned her forever in blasting and obliterating words. Ten years of married life; and the last words of the book are: "*Now the tale is told, my beloved. I am avenged. We are quits.*"

But it was not this woman alone upon whom he took vengeance—his anger fell upon all; and it was the anger, mark you, of a disappointed sentimentalist. In his plays and books he pours anathema upon women—and his savageness is that of a pathetic boy who has been disappointed in love.

His ideal of love was something incredibly high. The women he knew failed to come up to it—they were not white-handed heroines of romance, but food-hungry women with human tempers and habits—and he shrieked his disappointment and cursed his broken idols. And all his life long *women* tormented him—like God.

After the countess he married a vague, kindly Austrian woman; and he parted from her—at the Gare du Nord in Paris—parted forever "with ferocious joy!" and told it in a book.

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A third wife I did not know. She was a Swedish actress; no one knows her—for Strindberg died before he had written a book about her! James Huneker told me about her. He had gone to Stockholm to see Strindberg; and the playwright sported his oak. But at the theatre Huneker met the gilded actress and she took him home with her after the play. Strindberg was sitting in his study—a silent, haggard man. The actress bubbled and made conversation; but Strindberg did not open his lips—and in his pale Northern eyes was the look of the man who has lost faith—even in actresses; and that is the great disillusion. Once only he spoke—a cryptic saying: Women are never unhappy unless they have reason to be unhappy—man, alone, is unhappy without cause.

And so Huneker went away.

There, in his later days, Strindberg found his God—a strange Swedenborgian god—possibly known here also in the United States, where there are (I have discovered) fifty-seven varieties of religion; all false. But he never regained his faith in woman.

You must remember that was the day when the *new* woman was abroad in Sweden—Ibsen had set her going and, in a little while, the flap of her loose shoe was heard half round the world. And her development in the narrow, Lutheran, provincial life of Sweden was singularly threatening to the astounded male of those parts.

There was fought again the eternal duel of sex. Strindberg's side was stated savagely enough in one of his plays—you may remember it—*Comrades*. Axel and Bertha are painters and the man is ruled, enslaved, destroyed by the woman—even as in real life Strindberg was poisoned by his Swedish countess.

"In this war to the death between the two sexes," Axel says gloomily, "it would appear that woman, being the less honest and the more perverse, would come out conqueror—since man's chance of gaining the battle is very dubious. *He* is handicapped by an inbred respect for woman—without counting the advantage he gives her, in supporting her and leaving her time free to equip herself for the fight."

And so, in plays and books, again and again—with crude violence of language—with heart-broken vehemence—he curses women and knocks them about the ears. He could think of nothing else—of God and woman—and I am not sure there is anything else worth thinking about.

And so you get an impression of Strindberg as a great, blind, amorphous force, sprawling in the dark life of his day, like a helpless animal in a pool, a picture that is true enough.

And yet this man was the greatest dramatist of the age—the most important figure in the intellectual evolution of all Europe.

And now a word or two about his dramatic work.

In real life he was independent, disinterested, indomitable—he faced the most frightful misery, poverty, contempt rather than bend his neck to the hypocrisies of a provincial society. *A man's life is the best commentary on his works.* He was a rebel whose faculty of revolt was made terrible by a touch of genius.

Even so his works. His one duty

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—he held—was to speak the truth, no matter how shameful it was, no matter how bitter. He had learned truth-speaking in a pitiless struggle, he had fought for bread as an usher in a school, as "super" in a theatre, as an apothecary's drudge.

And yet—bear this in mind—in spite of the savage way he stripped modern life of its pretences—he began his literary career as a romanticist and sentimentalist and ended it as a writer of fairy-tales.

Of course you know him best by such plays as *The Father*, *Miss Julia*, *Pariah*, *Comrades*, *The Dance of Death*. They belong to his middle period. *The Father* was first produced in 1887—an epoch-making play. Here was all the strength—the bitter strength—of the new drama—beside which the ferocious trivialities of Ibsen were as water unto wine.

Remorselessly he flayed the human beast—if his hand trembled it was with excitement—it never flinched. He wrote with a dissecting-knife. And he laid bare all the brutality, egotism and irresponsibility of modern life. His hatred for evil and for cruelty was brutal and venomous as that of Swift. A play without laughter—like all his plays.

"They call *The Father* a sad play," he said; "did they expect a tragedy to be jolly! People talk of the *Joy of Life* as though it consisted in dancing and farcical idiocy—for me the Joy of Life consists in the mighty and terrible struggles of life—in the capability of experiencing something—of learning something."

So his plays are mighty struggles, terrible and dark—man's tragic struggle with fate! Note, too, that in all these plays of the middle period fate comes in the guise of a woman. (That was the dark lesson he learned from his Swedish countess.)

There must always be a victim—and almost always it is the man who succumbs. Why, in this eternal war of the sexes, are the men always conquered? It is because they have *distractions*. They wanton by the way. They forget the battle. They interest themselves in life, art, nature, friendship. They have neither the patience, nor the tenacity, nor the bitterness of woman. Now and then man lays down his arms. Thus in *The Father* the captain pursues his scientific studies—he is on the point of making a great discovery—and Laura, his wife, takes him unaware—when he has laid his sword aside.

Thus in *Creditors* Adolphe, the artist, is absorbed in his art—when the woman strikes him. The battle is unfair. It is waged between man, the dreamer, and woman, who has all the serene insensibility of Nature herself—Nature's implacable and victorious cruelty. And the poets and savants and dreamers are those whom Nature—through her instrument woman—punishes most implacably.

Now this is the thesis of all those plays of the eighties and nineties, and they tell the story of Strindberg's sufferings at the hands of his Swedish countess and the little, pinky, Austrian wife; and they tell nothing else. Amazing plays—in their sincerity and savage realism—remember that from them sprang the drama of modern realism that swept over Europe for a quarter of a century. They begot *Tristan Bernard* and many another; indeed they begot

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George Bernard Shaw—which should be accounted to them for a certain sort of righteousness, I suppose—Heaven knows why!

But this is the point. If you are to understand Strindberg, the greatest figure in Scandinavian literature, you must see that his plays represent only a part of his life—and work. Strindberg was always a rebel—always, as he said, "*Je sonne la révolte et je brandis l'idée.*" (I sound the revolt and I brand the idea.) But he did not spend his whole life rebelling against his wife, which (at its best) is misdirected genius! His first plays were historical dramas—great national dramas of patriotism.

Once he said to me: "The only work one can go on taking a daily interest in is work done for the glory of the dead—or the good of those who are not yet born." *Olaf the Reformer* is such a play—it enshrines the old glory of Sweden and proclaims new hope for a better future. Have you read *Peter in Search of His Fortune?*—this sort of *Faust* in miniature? Then you know why Strindberg is the great national poet of Sweden.

Forget what you have heard of his bitter and ferocious attack on women. Turn to the great dramas of his youth and his later days—*Gustav Wasa, Christine, Erich XIV, Olaf*—and you will understand why a *nation* followed him to his grave a few years ago. Read *Swan White* and *The Dream Play*—and you will understand why the children covered his coffin with wild flowers as he was borne—the great dead man—through the streets of his city.

In him, as in all of us, there were many men. God tormented him and—all his life—the women tormented him. And a score of his plays—a half score of his books—are merely his cries of agony and revolt.

One of the men in him was this tortured rebel. Another was the reformer—heroic as his own Olaf—who fought the evils of a bad civilisation—the wrongs of government—the hypocrisies of religion—the shame of poverty. That is the Strindberg I love best. Those were his high moments, when life became a splendid adventure in heroism and sacrifice—and life, you know, should be either a tremendous adventure or nothing. That was the Strindberg who stood on a mountain peak.

There was another man in him—and this Strindberg, I think, the world will love best as the years go by and the noise of the battle he waged dies away. It was he who wrote the *Children's Saga*—and told of the Silver Moor and sang the fairy tales and told the little modern fables that sing themselves.

He was many men, but the greatest and truest of them was the dreamer.

Do you remember when Indra's daughter came down to him in the play? She drew her hand across her eyes and said: "All this time I have been dreaming."

"It was not a dream," he answered, "it was one of my poems."

And Indra's daughter asked him: "Do you know what poetry is, then?"

And he said softly: "I know what *dreaming* is."

And that was Strindberg's life—dreams of high and beautiful adventures—nightmares of shattered love—and dreams through which the fairies whispered mysterious sagas of the white north.

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And then having dreamed for sixty years he died. But long before death took him he had learned the Great Lesson: The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace—not the battle hymn of Olaf, but a saga sung to children in the twilight.

SUMMER, 1918

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Slowly the summer comes and slowly goes—
And eyes that but a summer past had seen
New wonders, now strain out beyond the green
Of fields and hills, as if to look on those
Dear faces that are absent. No repose
Is left to summer, for in every mien
There is the mark of waiting, tense, between
The stern days claimed by bravery and woes.

O eyes that watch, those faces bear the light
Of spirits fired with the brands of truth . . .
They face each firing line, with eyes that gleam
From souls awakened for the needs of Right,
To save with all brave love and strength of youth
Our Nation's glory and our Nation's Dream!

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THEOPHRASTUS UP TO DATE

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

It so happened several weeks ago that some trifling circumstance drew my attention once more to that entertaining series of sketches called *The Characters of Theophrastus*—who, as every schoolboy knows, or would if he studied Greek, and studied it long enough, was the friend of the philosopher Aristotle.

It has seemed to me ever since a matter of great regret, either that Theophrastus was born too soon, or that the era of child study arrived so late—regret for myself and parents in general, because the work of so careful and competent an observer as Theophrastus is our greatest present need; regret for our babies in particular, because babies, as social animals forming an exceedingly large and important factor in our modern democracy, have the right not only to be heard, which indeed nobody is able successfully to deny them, but to be intelligibly and intelligently heard. It has seemed to me also a pity for Theophrastus himself, because he has been compelled, through force of mere circumstance, to forego the honours and the honorarium which must undoubtedly have been conferred by grateful fathers and mothers and mothers' and others' magazines upon the author of such articles as we may feel sure he would have produced.

I realise, Mr. Editor, that for Theophrastus himself at this late date I can do nothing, except in the somewhat vicarious way of affording him the satisfaction of seeing (from his home beyond the Styx) a brother artist and a kindred spirit reap the rewards which only an unkind fate kept from becoming his own. As regards the babies and the elder public, however, I am not entirely without hope that something may still be done to console them for the losses they suffer at the hands of time, and that I myself may be the instrument of the doing.

And now I will turn to my task.

PROEM

For a long time, O Polycles, I have been a student of human nature. I have lived (more or less) years ninety and nine. I have associated, too, with many and diverse babies, observing side by side, with much closeness, both the good and the worthless among them.

I will describe to you, class by class, the several kinds of conduct which characterise them, and the mode in which their affairs are administered.

THE POETICAL BABY α'

The poetical baby has clean hands and a pure heart, and will not lift up its soul unto vanity, nor swear deceitfully. The poetical baby is most frequently a girl. She is delicately responsive to the moods of nature. She will lie quietly on her back for an hour and look into the infinite blue of heaven and gurgle. The infinite blue is always reflected in her eyes.

The poetical baby thinks the thoughts of poets and philosophers,

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and expresses them in the tongues of angels. This is the gurgling. Her little kicks and chuckles are its punctuation and underscorings. The poetical baby would write a book, if she could spell and hold a pen. Her mother knows this, and her father takes her mother's word for it.

THE ZOOLOGICAL BABY β'

The zoological baby is a boy. The zoological baby is merely one more animal come to the shores of light. The zoological baby is a Darwinian. He is raw and formless. He has pink and wrinkled fists, and keeps them doubled. His eyes have not uncrossed themselves.

To his mother, the zoological baby is the most individual of beings. To the general public of the childless and unmarried, and to his brother, the zoological baby always looks alike. There are those who say, and also to his father. It is a wise father who knows his own son in the zoological baby.

THE BIOLOGICAL BABY γ'

The biological baby's father is a scientist, or his mother has a book on the care and feeding of babies and reads a mothers' magazine. The biological baby is scientifically cradled, scientifically clothed, scientifically fed, scientifically aired, scientifically handled, and scientifically studied. All his ways are observed, set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote. The book is a standardised book.

The biological baby is always ahead of the book. Scientifically, this is sin. But it is venial sin.

THE BACTERIOLOGICAL BABY δ

The bacteriological baby, sometimes called also microbological, is a specialised or differentiated biological baby. He is special or different in respect of the mysticism of his environment. Science, in the case of the bacteriological baby, is in at least one way in accord with religion; it is based upon imagination of the unseen. But even here the accord is by no means complete. In religion, the predominating sentiment is the love of things hoped for; in science, it is the dread of things not seen. The devotee of religion rests in the arms of contemplation; the devotee of science writhes on the wrack of fear.

The bacteriological baby lives, moves, and has his being in strictly depopulated media. His habitat is a fortified vacuum, and he is kept in it alone by himself. The main business of the bacteriological baby's parent is the erection of barbed-wire entanglements all about the fortification, so high that no microbiological enemy can fly over them, so deep that none can get under, so minute that none can get through. Friends are excluded along with enemies. There are no passwords or countersigns. There is nothing but *Verbotens*.

The bacteriological baby is at once the beneficiary and the victim of *Kultur*. He is beset behind and before. He is forcibly separated from all the numerous minute and invisible friends and playmates with whom babies have associated on familiar terms for all times since babies began. Sometimes he makes a breach in the fortifications and invites them in; but by the time all concerned are in the way of resuming to their mutual entertainment and profit the old relation, along comes some *Hochwohlgeborener Herr Professor Inspektor* with a forty-two centimetre microscope, and they are discovered and rudely thrust outside

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the lines, if not put to death without trial or warning under circumstances of atrocity unparalleled in the annals of warfare.

THE PEDAGOGICAL BABY ε′

The pedagogical baby comes into the world not to observe, but to be observed; not to be proved, but to prove. When the pedagogical baby is one day old, or as soon as his fists can be untied, a twig is forced into his fingers. If they curl up again and cling to the twig, that proves that he, or someone of his fathers, was once or is a monkey. Two days after this, he is suspended, stomach downward, in a full tub of tepid water. If he paddles, that proves that ages ago he was an amphibian, and brother to the mud puppy. If his submaxillary neighbourhood displays certain microscopic signs, that proves that he once had gills. In more mature days, when he is displeased and knocks over his high chair and throws himself on the floor in screaming fits, that proves that he was once in the savage stage, and perhaps even in the stage of justification by supreme necessity.

The pedagogical baby's contribution to the world is the demonstration of a wise, inspired, and entertaining theory called recapitulation. The pedagogical baby, up to the time of his maturity as a man, represents the whole human past. Perhaps his remaining years, with their liability to broken necks, disease, and lapses into asininity, with their satiety, weakness, decay, imbecility, helplessness—

> Second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything—

perhaps his remaining years represent the whole human future. This is not without an element of reason.

The pedagogical baby is of all babies at the same time the most fortunate and the most unfortunate. He is fortunate because he can do as he dam pleases. You must not interfere with the individuality of the pedagogical baby. The natural world may stop him, and some time some one of a number of human agencies may stop him; but with his own kith and kin, and with nurse and teachers, he must have his own way, or at least be made to think he has it. Because, if he does not have it, but has some other person's way thrust upon him, why, what becomes of *him?*

And this is also just where he is unfortunate. He can do everything he pleases, and everything he pleases is right. Nature is always right; the pedagogical baby is nature; therefore, the pedagogical baby is always right. The pedagogical baby can do no wrong; he misses the sweetnesses of transgression. He is always under observation; he must forego all the delights of deceit. The deliciousness of sin in secret is totally impossible with him. This should be intolerable in a democratic society.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL BABY ζ′

The sociological baby will be a near relation of the pedagogical baby. The sociological baby may hardly yet be said to exist. The social sciences must first adjust the sum total of *adult* human relations. Then the sociological baby will come into his own. He will work out for himself, of course under the competent direction of social science professors engaged in the fabrication of dissertations and reputations, all the

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problems of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Thus we shall put the capstone upon democratic theory and practice, and begin really to live.

THE DENATURED BABY η'

There are those who think the denatured baby only a bacteriological baby with pedagogical tendencies. This is not the case. He is a distinct individuality.

The denatured baby is denied his mother's milk. It may contain the poisons of unpasteurised drinks or unfletcherised foods. It may contain the virus from undeodorised social relations. It may be corrupted as the result of autointoxicating spiritual and intellectual heresies.

The denatured baby must not be bathed in unsterilised waters. He must not be fed unsterilised viands. He must not be clad in unsterilised clothing. He must not touch the ground, because the ground is damp, and full of creeping things whose paws have travelled over goodness-knows-what. He must not roll on the grass, because a grass blade might produce a cutaneous abrasion and make straight the way for effluvia and bacteria. He is screened in from pestilential flies and malarial mosquitoes. He is protected from changing breeze and varying temperature. The sun must not smite him by day, nor the moon by night. He is fenced in, as well as screened. His hands must touch no object but the sterilised immovable cradle, the sterilised parent, the sterilised nurse, and the sterilised plaything. Not even Auntie and Grandma may get over the fence. Only properly disinfected visitors who comply with the rules and regulations as to times and the prohibitions and restrictions as to feeding and irritating, may, by and with the advice and consent of the legally constituted authorities, secure a permit, and under the guidance of the keeper advance to the outer limit of the enclosure.

The denatured baby must not be excited. He must not be rocked. He must not be tossed. He must not be joggled. The denatured baby must not be allowed to hear loud laughter or scolding. He must not see tears or frowns. He must not be startled by rude and undenatured jokes. He is surrounded by a zone of silence while he naps. Somebody is always in charge over him, to keep him in all his ways. When he begins to walk, he must be well shod, and nurse must bear him up in her hands, lest he dash his foot against a stone.

God made the denatured baby—in the first instance only; let us not be hard—and therefore let him pass for a baby.

THE NATURAL BABY θ'

The natural baby is a horrible example. The mosquitoes bite him. The flies roost on him. The cat rubs against him. She sandpapers his hands with her tongue. It makes him feel funny. He does not know it is bad for his nerves. The dog licks his face. He plays in the dirt. He absorbs it, eats it, digests it. His nose is never clean, and his fingers are never clean except when he sucks them. He is washed on Sundays and holidays.

The natural baby has the freedom of the house and the door yard. In the city, he has the freedom of the streets. He interferes with the traffic. He has a charmed life.

The natural baby is fathered and mothered without the consent of eugenics or birth controllers. He is born without a professional nurse.

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The house is without a vacuum cleaner. The natural baby screams with distress, and nobody heeds him. He protests that it is colic. He insists with tears and imprecations that his case is something special, and begs for a doctor. His mother says it is nothing but stomach ache. She gives him peppermint. She says she supposes she must count on three months of this. The natural baby has, or will have, thirteen brothers and sisters and three dozen cousins. His mother says they all have acted just that same way.

The natural baby is unscientifically managed, uninspected, unsanitated, and ignorant. Enemies rise up against him on every hand, but he is self-reliant. He does valiant combat with them all. The natural baby is a sportsman. He scouts the idea of *Kultur*. He is for *laissez-faire*. He muddles through. A thousand fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand; but he multiplies and replenishes the earth. He furnishes most of the world's workers and fighters, seven-eighths of its brains, all of its common sense and health and strength, and ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent. of its genius. He would furnish all of the genius, but genius is a freak, and sometimes comes to dwell where every attempt is made to drive it away.

The natural baby is fed his mother's milk. He goes on a journey, and his table is prepared before him in the presence of the passengers. The natural baby cries for more, and does not get it. The natural baby is spanked. He cries as hard as he can. He cries as long as he likes. His mother goes on with her work.

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SWAN-CHILD

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

My feet have touched the Dancing Water,
My lips have kissed the Singing Rose
And I was born a swan-girl's daughter. . . .
Oh, I would stay with you, my lover,
But in my heart a sea wind blows
And in the dark the wild swans hover. . . .

To-night as I went down to sea
To cast my net, to draw my net,
The Marsh-King's daughter whispered me,
"Sister," she called, "do you forget?"
For, though I am a fisher's child
It was a swan-maid mothered me,
And I have wings that I can don
When day is done, when dark comes on,
To bear me high across the sea.

One star-dusk when I waited you
And it was long before you came,
There was a bird with wings of blue
And claws of gold and crest of flame
Who sang with words as mortals do:
He sang me of an ivory fountain
Within a wood beyond a mountain
Where lies beneath the water's flow
A golden key, a silver cup,
Until my hand shall lift them up. . . .
(Oh, I must go from you, my lover!)
For they were mine once long ago.

How shall you keep me, dear my lover?
My heart is yours till night-winds call,
And then dear earth-things fade and fall
(O I was born a swan-girl's daughter!)
For I have found beneath the moon
Brown fairy fernseed for my shoon
That carries me where no man knows,
Beyond the sands, beyond the clover. . . .
I cannot bide with you, my lover. . . .
My feet have touched the Dancing Water,
My lips have kissed the Singing Rose.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY H. H. MANCHESTER

PART II. IN MEDIÆVAL AND EARLY MODERN TIMES

THE INFLUENCE OF THE METHOD OF DISTRIBUTION UPON LITERATURE

The establishment of the Eastern Empire at Constantinople did much to reduce the importance of Rome as the book centre of the world, and the retreat to the East was turned into a flight when Rome was finally taken by the barbarians.

From the viewpoint of books, conditions in the Middle Ages were the combined result of the breaking up of the Roman Empire, and the establishment of the Christian Church. The dissolution of the Empire made intercommunication difficult, compelling each community to exist principally on its own resources, while, at the same time, the ability to read was acquired but slowly by the invaders. As a consequence, in the West, the knowledge of the old literature died, and the books were lost or destroyed.

Not considering the Church, conditions in the early Middle Ages were, from a literary point of view, somewhat analogous to the situation in the Greek world at the beginning of its history. There were many tribes, more or less independent chiefs, and a people which had to be reached, if at all, through the spoken and not the written word. The result, as might almost have been foretold, was another production and distribution of literature by bards and minstrels. The epic of *Beowulf*, the *Sagas*, the *Eddas*, the *Kalevala*, and the *Niebelungen Lied*, were all composed to be recited or chanted, just as were the *Iliad* and other Greek epics.

The minstrel travelled from chieftain's hall to chieftain's hall, and woe to him who had not a thrilling tale to tell. Because of this, all the best of these sagas are still interesting. In fact, judging from Greek and mediæval results, a distribution through minstrels is the surest way to evolve a great epic, and it is very doubtful whether any really stirring one has been produced through any other means.

The one great modifier of these conditions in the Middle Ages was the Christian Church. It had a common interest in all lands, and kept up the intercommunication of even the most distant churches and monasteries with Rome. In an analogous way, it also kept in touch with Latin, and to a lesser extent with Greek, because of its interest in the Church Fathers and the Scriptures. It was probably on this account that the conquest of the northern tribes did not entirely put a stop to literary activity and bookselling at Rome, or even in Paris and some of the other larger cities. In the sixth century we find the sale of books in France mentioned by Cæsarius of Arles. There was even a provision in the laws of the Visigoths that a book should be sold for six sols.

In the seventh century we hear of a manuscript of Osorius being prepared by a scribe in the Statio Ma-

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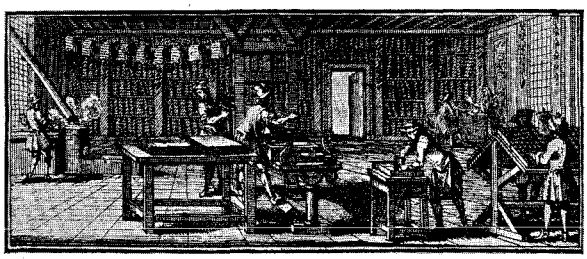
LYDGATE PRESENTING HIS BOOK TO THE KING. ONE GREAT ESSENTIAL OF MEDIÆVAL AUTHORSHIP WAS TO FIND A PATRON

gestri Viliaric Antiquarii. In 658 Gertrud ordered books from Rome, and Abbot Benedict, according to Beda, brought back a number of scholarly works from Rome in 671, 678, and 681. In the next century Archbishop Albert of York, between 766 and 780, sought for books not only at Rome but "elsewhere," which proves that there were bookstores outside of the Eternal City.

The monasteries not only kept alive an interest in books, but soon took up the publication of books, though, of course, in manuscript form. The most useful religious books, as well as the works of the Church Fathers, were copied, decorated, illustrated, and bound in all styles from the simplest to the most gorgeous. Sometimes one monastery borrowed a book from another for



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PRINTERY AND BOOK SHOP, FROM LA CAILLE

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STRADANUS'S ENGRAVING OF A MARKET-PLACE ABOUT 1560, WITH WHAT IS PROBABLY A STATIONER'S SHOP AT THE RIGHT

the purpose of copying it, in which case it was customary to leave an equally desirable book as a pledge. Occasionally, instead of borrowing the book, a scribe was sent to another monastery to copy it. The monasteries copied manuscripts not only for themselves, but for their patrons, —in other words, they themselves acted as publishers and booksellers.

While the small devotional manuscripts were easily copied and sold cheaply, the more elaborate works, which required genuine ability and infinite patience, brought amounts comparable with the value of such rare books to-day. It is not surprising that while Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in 1386 paid to Martin L'Huiller only sixteen francs for binding eight books, the Countess of Anjou paid for an elaborately illuminated book two hundred sheep, a hogshead each of wheat, rye, and millet, and a bundle of marten skins.

The writing in the monastery was done either in a general scriptorium, or in smaller stalls where one monk worked alone. The copying was commonly assigned to one scribe, the illustrating to another, and often the illuminating to a third. The binding was likewise done by specialists. In the early Middle Ages the principal book material was parchment, as papyrus could no longer be imported from Egypt, and paper was not introduced into western Europe until the eleventh century.

While the distribution of books through the monasteries did much to preserve religious and learned works of more or less importance, the actual original literature to which it gave rise was almost negligible. Sundry religious discourses, various scholastic dissertations, a few pious tales, and occasional historically important, but literarily worthless annals, almost exhaust the list. The monk had no audience or reading public to hold him up to the mark, and could expect few honours save for doctrinal or moral writings.

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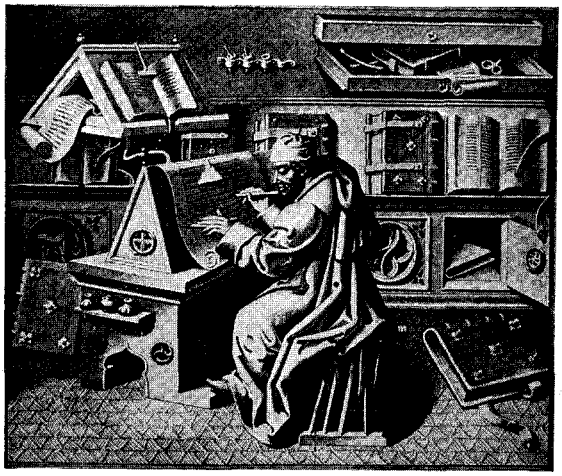

A SCRIPTORIUM IN A MONASTERY IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES

The distribution of books through the universities, which began in the twelfth century, was even more sterile in literary results. The University of Bologna was started in 1116, that of Paris about 1150, and the first beginnings were made at Oxford in 1167. With the early Renaissance the colleges became numerous. Almost as soon as a university was established, it was found necessary to set up bookstores where the works recommended to the students could be purchased. Such shops were officially connected with the universities and the stationers who kept them were humble members of the university staff.

Although there still remained independent booksellers in western Europe, the universities almost from the very beginning began to reach for control over the book trade, at least in their own vicinity. This was particularly the case in France. In 1275 the sale of books in Paris, except at certain fairs and by pedlars, was restricted to licensed bookstores, and the university specified the stock the stationer should carry and the prices he should ask. Many of the students rented their books for the quarter instead of buying them. If manuscripts were put on sale on commission, the dealer himself was prohibited from purchasing until after a certain period, and the price and purchaser had to be recorded on the manuscript. Various other restrictions were added in 1300. In 1323 there were twenty-nine book shops in Paris, two of which were managed by women. In return for restrictions under which they laboured, the booksellers were free from taxes and personal service. In 1340 control by the university was extended over the pedlars, and various other provisions enacted.

Among the early booksellers of Paris, we find mention of Herneis le Romanceur in the first half of the thirteenth century, of Hugichio le Lombard in 1274, of Guillaume Herneis in 1292, and at the same date of Agnien in the Rue de la Boucherie.

In England we hear of Robert the stationer at Oxford in 1308, and of John Hardy in a similar position at Cambridge in 1350. The social po-

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THE BIBLIOMANIAC, 1494, FROM SEBASTIAN BRANT

sition of the stationer may be imagined from the fact that in 1411 Oxford University directed that the graduating students should give their old clothes to the stationer.

All this university activity in book selling, however, produced practically nothing in literature. Whether it actually retarded it or not, is too broad a question to be considered here.

As a sort of combined result of feudalism and the Church, came the crusades. These offered an amazing field for the distribution of literature through the bard and story-teller, and gave rise to at least three different types. Their chivalrous spirit was the centre of many knightly tales, including such epics as the *Song of Roland*, and the *Cid*. Their romantic atmosphere made popular the mediæval romances of Alexander, Charlemagne, and King Arthur. The invasions into the East by the crusaders produced accounts of strange travels and adventures. Probably all of this literature was first recited or narrated among the crusaders and travellers, and not written down until later.

The spirit of adventure and romance was maintained in the early Renaissance. Marco Polo told of his travels, Dante described experiences in Hades, and Petrarch sang of love. Whether the production was first recited or written, it was at least put into such form as to fit it for oral repetition. Boccaccio's stories were supposed to be told by a group of refugees from the plague, and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* narrated on a pilgrimage. Chaucer even states expressly in his prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*, about 1380, that it was meant to be read "or elles sung." Altogether, in comparison with the writings at the monasteries and universities, the literature designed for general distribution by word of mouth seems to have attained to far higher results.

The popularity of the new litera-

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOOKBINDER AND BOOK SHOP, BY JAN LUIKEN

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ture certainly led to the establishment of booksellers who were at once scribes and publishers, and not directly dependent upon the monasteries and universities. The very name of Herneis le Romanceur, the Parisian stationer of about 1225, implies that he wrote or at least copied romances.

Independent book shops probably existed in Italy throughout the entire Middle Ages. In the thirteenth century we hear of *librarii* as distinct from *stationarii*, the latter probably being connected with the university. Joannes Aurispa is noted as being a manuscript dealer in Venice as early as the fourteenth century. In Florence, Arretinus, about 1375, sold manuscripts and sent scribes to copy them in the monasteries and universities. Leonardo Bruno in 1416 wrote that he had "hunted through all the book shops" of Florence.

In England Richard de Bury about 1345 stated that by making advance payments to the *stationarii* and *librarii*, not only native but French, German, and Italian, he had procured books from great distances over the sea. The London scriveners were organised as a guild in 1357, and the limners in 1403, though as yet they had no exclusive privileges.

But the manuscript shops, in spite of their development, could offer as yet practically no method by which an author could receive a reasonable compensation for his work. As a result, the authors of the Middle Ages, outside of the unknown minstrels and a few monks, were either nobles or were compelled to seek the patronage of the nobility. Dante during his long exile found a pleasant refuge with Can Grande della Scala of Verona and other Ghibelline nobles. Petrarch was honoured with the laurel crown by King Robert of Naples. Boccaccio found favour with Giovanna, Queen of Naples. Chaucer was under the patronage of Lionel and later John of Gaunt, two sons of Edward III. Froissart, who

A BOOKSTALL IN AN ENGRAVING BY BOSSE, ABOUT 1650

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reported the Middle Ages as Herodotus did the Greek, had various royal and noble patrons, both in France and England, who probably enjoyed his narratives as much as he did their favour. There are many pictures in the works of the Middle Ages showing the author presenting his book to his patron, and the rule seems to have been, no patron no publisher. But the system of patronage was far more productive than no system of rewards at all, for had not authorship led to patronage, there would probably have been few authors.

The invention of printing, toward the middle of the fifteenth century, by Coster or Gutenberg—I believe this controversy is still undecided,—produced in the beginning fewer changes in books themselves than it did in bookselling. The earliest printed books were close imitations of manuscripts. The type was designed after the different kinds of writing used respectively in religious works, charters, ordinary manuscripts, and letters. The illustrations and illuminations were of the same style as before, and were often filled in by hand. The lines were still of uneven length, and there were various other resemblances familiar to the collector of incunabula.

It soon became noticeable, however, even with the small editions of two hundred or three hundred copies put forth by the early publishers, that printing was greatly increasing the supply of books. Fust had to travel to Paris to sell part of his output. There is an interesting legend, probably false, that as he kept offering duplicate books at decreasing prices, he was charged with being a sorcerer and arrested by the authorities, whereupon he was compelled to disclose the secret of printing. Whether this tradition is true or not, it apparently embodies several facts of the situation at that time. It suggests the similarity between books and manuscripts, the sale of the first books as actual manuscripts, the increase in the supply, the reduction of price, and the control by the universities.

Fust was probably the first pirate

THE MARKET-PLACE AT BOLOGNE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AT THE LEFT A BOOK SHOP

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CHARLEMAGNE DICTATING TO HIS SCRIBES, ACCORDING TO A MEDIÆVAL MANUSCRIPT. NOTE THE METHOD OF PRODUCTION, BOOK FORMS AND CASE

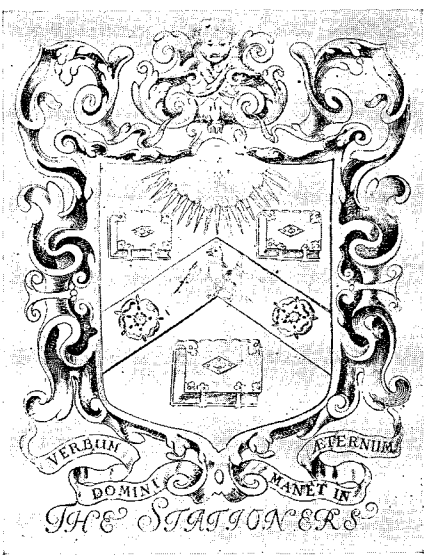
printer, for in 1466 he reprinted a volume published the year before by Mentel of Strasburg, changing merely the imprint. In this, of course, he was only following out the usage of manuscript copyists.

The reduction in the price of books through printing seems to have been about eighty per cent. Bishop John of Aleria, in 1467, wrote to Pope Paul II that books which had formerly been one hundred gulden gold were then twenty gulden, and that those which had been twenty gulden could be bought for only four.

The increase in the number of bookstores kept pace with the rapidity with which printing spread over Europe. By 1477, when Caxton set up the first printing press in England, it had been introduced into twenty or more places on the Continent. Every printer was necessarily a bookseller, and in many cases sent out agents and maintained agencies in other places. Thus Schoeffer had a representative at Luebeck and another at Frankfort, before he removed to the latter place himself.

Many books were also sold at fairs. For several centuries the greatest book fair in the world was at Frankfort, and books were brought there from every city. In a way it acted as a place of exchange, to which printers from all over Europe carried their surplus stock. This they either sold for cash or traded for other books which they thought could be disposed of at home.

One of the first printers to sell other publications along with his own was Schoeffer. In accordance with the old custom of recording the sale of a book on one of its fly leaves, there is in a volume of Johannes Scotus printed by Koberger in 1474, a receipt by Schoeffer as follows: "I, Peter Schoeffer, the printer of May-



ARMS OF THE STATIONERS' GUILD, TO WHICH ALL LONDON BOOKSELLERS HAD TO BELONG

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ence, acknowledge having received from the worthy magistrate Johannes Henrici of Pisa, 3 scuta as the price of this book."

The increase in the supply of books in proportion to the number of readers at that period threatened for a time to flood the market. There were more than twenty thousand known editions published before 1500, and although the editions numbered only a few hundred each, this output must have multiplied the world's available supply of books by many times. In 1472 we find a petition to the Pope for help from Sweynheim and Pannartz, printers at Rome, stating that they were in danger of being ruined through heavy loss of unsold remainders amounting to twelve thousand four hundred and seventy-five volumes. Another commentary on the state of business is that Pannartz soon afterward took up engraving. In a somewhat similar way early printers in Paris appealed for assistance to the university.

Such petitions to the Church and universities were based partly upon the fact that both the Church and universities still maintained a control

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF A PRINTED-BOOK SHOP AND PRINTING PRESS. FROM "LA GRAT DANSE MACABRE," PRINTED AT LYONS, 1499

of book publishing and selling within their jurisdictions. They both favoured cheap books and often gave permits for publication on condition that at least one edition should be published at a low price.

Many of the early printers also depended largely upon patrons. The Aldus shop was greatly assisted by the nobles of Paris, and Caxton printed several works under the patronage of Edward IV and Richard III of England. On the other hand, Fust and Schoeffer, who first made a commercial success of printing, seem to have had no patrons,

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BOOK SHOP, FROM MUEHLBRECHT

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and to have depended upon their ability to undersell manuscript copies.

It might be supposed that the new distribution of literature through printed books would have had a revolutionary effect upon literature itself, but in the beginning this was not true. Out of the more than twenty thousand incunabula, probably eighty per cent. were religious or scholastic, which was much the same proportion as before the discovery of printing. The influence of the Church and universities may have had something to do with these percentages. In fact, where these influences were not so strong, we find Caxton republishing Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Thomas Mallory, and in general a larger proportion of "joyous and pleysaunt romaunces."

On the Continent there were also the rediscovered classics to be brought out in available form, and altogether the early printer seems to have had enough to do to catch up with the past, without acting as a medium for the development of new literature. At any rate, the period from 1450 to 1500 was singularly barren of literary results. Eventually, however, printing greatly multiplied the number of readers, and this in turn increased the field for literature.

The oldest known picture of a printed book shop appears in *The Great Dance of Death*, which was published at Lyons, February 18, 1499, and illustrates the ravages of death among all sorts and degrees of people. The same picture also includes what seems to be the earliest extant representation of a printing press. The print shop, where Death may be seen seizing the compositor and pressman, is very interesting as illustrating the press stiffened by supports to the ceiling, the coarse wooden screw, the ink balls, type case, and the compositor's stick. At the right of the picture, Death is laying hold of the bookseller in his stall. The shopman is at a counter in an arched opening, where customers might look over the books. On shelves in the background may be seen several other volumes which have been completed and are ready for inspection.

Probably the second oldest picture of a print shop represents that of Jodocus Badius Ascensius about 1507, but it does not include his bookstore. Since the bookselling at the time was done by the stationers, we are reproducing an engraving by Stradanus of about 1560, which includes what is probably a stationer's stall. At the left of the same print, Stradanus depicts a spectacle store, and in the centre a shoemaker's shop. The open counters and wooden awnings are typical of the shops of the period, but we are surprised to see what apparently represents a closely fitted pavement between the stalls. The stationer is perhaps recording the purchase of a book, while a customer is glancing over one of the volumes on sale.

At about this period we find the beginning of a new idea in the book world which, while in part due to printing, has had an even greater influence toward the development of literature than printing itself. This was the conception of exclusive rights in books and book sales.

It first appeared in the form of special licenses for printing. In 1491 the Republic of Venice gave to the jurist, Peter of Ravenna, the exclu-

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sive privilege of printing and selling his work *Phoenix*. No time limit was fixed in this case, but thereafter Italian privileges were usually given for a period of fourteen years or less. In 1501 Konrad Celtes received an exclusive license for an edition of the dramas of Hroswitha of Gandersheim, and from this date on a number of imperial patents were given for publishing and bookselling. In France, after 1503, it became customary to get letters patent for the same purpose, the terms depending upon the nature of the book and the whim of the minister. The first privilege of the sort in England seems to have been issued to Richard Pynson, the king's printer in 1518, and similar exclusive privileges were given to an author in 1530.

The prohibition of the free importation of books into England in 1534 was another great protection to the English printers and booksellers.

Upon the chartering of the Stationer's Company in 1556, exclusive privileges were extended to all its members for the publication and sale of any work which they registered upon the records of the company. All London dealers in books, except those especially licensed by the crown, were compelled to come under the jurisdiction of this company, which was itself under the supervision of the government. The company had searchers which traced the source of illegal or unlicensed books, and heavy fines and confiscation were imposed in various cases. An apprenticeship of from seven to eleven years was required before a boy could become a printer, but was not necessary in order to become a publisher or bookseller.

At this period the majority of the book shops in London were clustered around Saint Paul's Cathedral. The first bookseller on London Bridge was William Pickering in 1557. All evidences point to the increase in the numbers and influence of the craft.

Whereas it had been practically impossible, and in fact had never been attempted, to prevent the promiscuous copying of manuscripts, printing required sufficient paraphernalia to make supervision possible, and exclusive privileges enforceable. This new development opened a more profitable field for both booksellers and writers. It made an author's work of commercial value, not only for the moment, but as long as the sale and exclusive privileges were maintained. It enabled him, for the first time, without the intervention of a patron, to make literature pay not only in honours, but in money. Because of this, more men attempted to write, and out of the increase in numbers arose a greater chance of developing an author of talent or even a genius.

Another source which added to the possibilities of authorship was afforded by the rise of the theatre, which might be considered a new field for the distribution of literature. The miracle plays of the Middle Ages had been gradually developing into interludes, moralities, masques and pageants. The interludes, moralities, and masques were often enacted at court, and the pageants given in celebration of some great event or of a royal visit. About 1550 marks the date of *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first important English comedy, and 1562 of *Gorboduc*, the first notable English tragedy. The increasing popularity of the theatre gave an opportunity for writers to make a precarious living constructing plays, and almost immediately sprang up the group of

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bohemian authors who were the first English dramatists.

A more substantial success might be reached by combining the old system of patronage with the new one of direct pay for literary work, or by obtaining an adequate share in the receipts of the theatre. Thus Ben Jonson not only received direct payment for his plays, but was also patronised by Lord Aubigny, and, in return for his masques enacted at the court, was eventually pensioned by Charles I in 1616 and by James I in 1631. Shakespeare, on the other hand, rose from being an actor in Jonson's plays, to first a writer of plays, and then a partner in the profits of the company.

Most of the Shakespearean plays were first printed by pirates, who had them taken down in shorthand, but this was merely because the theatre considered it better business to make the public come to hear the play than to publish it.

Still another product for the bookseller and field for the disposal of literary work was furnished by the rise of pamphlet and periodical literature, which took place about this time. The first of the dated news sheets in western Europe was apparently printed in 1498. One of the same series describes the discovery of America. A semi-yearly chronicle called the *Mercurius Gallobelgicus*, was published at Cologne between 1594 and 1635. In England we find a news letter of 1603, and a short series of intelligence letters beginning in 1619. Archer and Bourne published a pamphlet,—*A Currant of Generall News*,—in 1622, and kept it up weekly, but under different titles, for some time. The *Mercurius Britannicus* was issued in 1625 in imitation of the *Mercurius Gallobelgicus*. Such printed sheets were subject to censor, but could be registered and protected.

Not long after this began the religious and political troubles which led not only to the Puritan civil war, but to a myriad of pamphlets and news letters on religious, political, and martial subjects. What may be considered the first genuine English newspaper, *The Public Intelligencer*, was started in 1663, while the long-published *Oxford Gazette* dated from 1665.

All of these pamphlets and news sheets, ephemeral though most of them were, furnished both booksellers and writers with a chance to turn an occasional necessary penny, and many an afterward famous author got his start at such hack work.

While it is too much to claim that the new methods for the distribution of literature were the secret of the tremendous literary activity of the era from Elizabeth to Charles I, there is no doubt that the wider market and improved methods of sale offered both to booksellers and authors developed a class that made writing a profession, from which came most of the great literary results of that and subsequent periods.

The third of Mr. Manchester's articles will discuss the Modern Period. The first article, appearing in the May Bookman, *described Bookselling and Bookmaking in Ancient Times.*

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART IX

Fannie Stearns Davis—her thoughtfulness.—Carl Sandburg—his career—his defects.—Harriet Monroe—her services and her original work.—Alice Corbin—her philosophy.—T. S. Eliot.—Sarah N. Cleghorn—poet of the country village.—Sara Teasdale—her poems of love—her finished art.—Margaret Widdemer—her indictment of society.—John C. Underwood—a city poet.—Witter Bynner—a country poet.—Herman Hagedorn.—Percy Mackaye—his theories—his possibilities.—John G. Neihardt—his love poems.—Charles W. Stork—"Contemporary Verse."—M. L. Fisher—"The Sonnet."—Scudder Middleton.—J. P. Bishop.—W. A. Bradley—his nature poems.—William Griffith—"City Pastorals."—Theodosia Garrison—her war poem.—Meredith Nicholson—his left hand.—J. G. Fletcher—monotony of free verse.—Alan Seeger—an Elizabethan—a true poet.—W. A. Percy—a masterpiece—the best poem of 1917.

THE verse of Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. Gifford) has deservedly attracted critical attention. She is young; and the quality of her mind as displayed in her two books indicates high possibilities of development. She was born at Cleveland, March 6, 1884, is a graduate of Smith College, was a teacher in Wisconsin, and has made many contributions to various magazines. Her first book of poems, *Myself and I*, appeared in 1913; two years later came the volume called *Crack o' Dawn*. She is not much given to metrical adventure, although one of her most original poems, *As I Drank Tea Today*, has an irregular rime-scheme. For the most part, she follows both in subject and style the poetic tradition. She has the gift of song—not indeed in the superlative degree—but nevertheless unmistakable; and she has a full mind. She is neither optimist nor pessimist; I should call her a sympathetic observer. The following poem sums up fairly well her accumulated wisdom:

I have looked into all men's hearts.
Like houses at night unshuttered they stand,
And I walk in the street, in the dark, and on either hand
There are hollow houses, men's hearts.

They think that the curtains are drawn.
Yet I see their shadows suddenly kneel
To pray, or laughing and reckless as drunkards reel
Into dead sleep till dawn.

And I see an immortal child
With its quaint high dreams and wondering eyes
Sleeping beneath the hard worn body that lies
Like a mummy-case defiled.

And I hear an immortal cry
Of splendour strain through the sodden words,
Like a flight of brave-winged heaven-desirous birds
From a swamp where poisons lie.

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—I have looked into all men's hearts.
Oh, secret terrible houses of beauty and pain!
And I cannot be gay, but I cannot be bitter again,
Since I looked into all men's hearts.

There is one commandment that all poets under the first class, and perhaps some of those favoured ones, frequently break: the tenth. One cannot blame them, for they know what poetry is, and they love it. They not only know what it is, but their own limited experience has taught them what rapture it must be to write lines of flawless beauty. This unconquerable covetousness is admirably and artistically expressed in Fannie Davis's poem, *After Copying Goodly Poetry.* It is an honest confession; but its author is fortunate in being able to express vain desire so beautifully that many lesser poets will covet her covetousness.

Carl Sandburg sings of Chicago with husky-haughty lips. I like Chicago and I like poetry; but I do not much care for the combination as illustrated in Mr. Sandburg's volume, *Chicago Poems.* I think it has been overrated. It is pretentious rather than important. It is the raw material of poetry, rather than the finished product. Mere passion and imagination are not enough to make a poet, not even when accompanied by indignation. If feeling and appeciation could produce poetry, then we should all be poets. But it is also necessary to know how to write.

Carl Sandburg was born at Galesburg, Illinois, January 6, 1878. He has "worked his own way" through life with splendid courage and ambition, performing any kind of respectable indoor and outdoor toil that would keep him alive. In the Spanish War, he immediately enlisted, and belonged to the first United States Company that went to Porto Rico. In 1898 he entered Lombard College; after his Freshman year, he tried to enter West Point, succeeding in every test—physical and mental—except that of arithmetic; there he has my hearty sympathy, for in arithmetic I was always slow but not sure. He returned to Lombard, and took the regular course for the next three years, paying his way by hard work. His literary ambition had already been awakened, and he attained distinction among his mates. Since graduation, he has had constant and varied experience in journalism. His poem *Chicago,* published in *Poetry* in 1914, was awarded a prize for being "the best poem written by a citizen of the United States during the year." In 1916 appeared a substantial volume from his pen, called *Chicago Poems.*

His work gives one the impression of being somewhat chaotic both in form and content. Miss Lowell quotes him as saying, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." According to G. K. Chesterton, this attitude was characteristic of modern life in general before the war. We don't know where we're going,—but let's put on more speed. Perhaps the other extreme, so characteristic of our southern African friends, is no better, yet it has a charm absent in the blind strenuosity of mere eagerness. A Southern negro being asked whither he was going, replied, "I ain't goin' nowhar: Ise been done gone whar I was goin'!" It would appear that there is sufficient room between these extremities for individual and social progress.

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In manner Mr. Sandburg is closer to Walt Whitman than almost any other of our contemporary poets. I do not call him an imitator, and certainly he is no plagiarist; but I like that part of his work which is the farthest removed from the manner of the man of Camden. Walt Whitman was a genius; and whilst it is quite possible and at times desirable to imitate his freedom in composition, it is not possible to catch the secret of his power. It would be an ungracious task to quote Mr. Sandburg at his worst; we are all pretty bad at our worst, whether we are poets or not; I prefer to cite one of his poems which proves to me that he is not only an original writer, but that he possesses a perceptive power of beauty that transforms the commonplace into something of poignant charm, like the song of the nightingale:

> Desolate and lone
> All night long on the lake
> Where fog trails and mist creeps,
> The whistle of a boat
> Calls and cries unendingly,
> Like some lost child
> In tears and trouble
> Hunting the harbor's breast
> And the harbor's eyes.

He has a notable gift for effective poetic figures of speech; in his *Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard*, an old pond in the moonlight is a "wide dreaming pansy." This and other pieces show true power of poetic interpretation; which makes me believe that the author ought to and will greatly surpass the average excellence exhibited in *Chicago Poems*.

Harriet Monroe was born in Chicago and went to school in Georgetown, D. C. In connection with the World's Exposition in Chicago she received the honour of being formally invited to write a poem for the dedication. Accordingly at the ceremony commemorating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, October 21, 1892, her *Columbian Ode* was given with music.

Harriet Monroe's chief services to the art of poetry are seen not so much in her creative work as in her founding and editing of the magazine called *Poetry*, of which I made mention in my remarks on Vachel Lindsay. In addition to this monthly stimulation—which has proved of distinct value both in awakening general interest and in giving new poets an opportunity to be heard, Miss Monroe, with the assistance of Alice Corbin Henderson, published in 1917 an anthology of twentieth century verse. Certain poets are excluded according to the rules laid down in the Preface; the title of the book is *The New Poetry;* the authors are fairly represented, and on the whole the selections from each are made with critical judgment. Every student of contemporary verse should own a copy of this work.

In 1914 Miss Monroe produced a volume of her original poems, called *You and I*. There are over two hundred pages, and those who look in them for something strange and startling will be disappointed. Knowing the author's sympathy with radicalism in art, and with all modern extremists, the form of these verses is surprisingly conservative. To be sure, the first one, *The Hotel*, is in a kind of polyphonic prose, but it is not at all a fair sample of the contents. Now whether the reading of many manuscripts has dulled Miss Monroe's creative power or not, who can say? The fact is that most of these poems are in no way remarkable either for feeling or expression,

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and many of them fail to rise above the level of the commonplace. There is happily no straining for effect; but unhappily in most instances there is no effect.

Alice Corbin (Mrs. Henderson) is a native of Virginia and a resident of Chicago. She is co-editor with Miss Monroe of *The New Poetry* anthology, wherein her own poems are represented. These indicate skill in the manipulation of different metrical forms; and they reveal as well a shrewd, healthy acceptance of life as it is. This feeling communicates itself in a charming way to the reader; it is too vigorous for acquiescence, too wise for blind optimism, but nearer optimism than pessimism. It seems perhaps in certain aspects to resemble the philosophy of Ralph Hodgson, although his command of the art of poetry is beyond her range.

There is such a display of cynical cleverness in the verse of T. S. Eliot that I think he might be able to write almost anything except poetry. He has an aggressive champion in the distinguished novelist, May Sinclair, who says his best work is equal to the best of Robert Browning.

Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn was born at Norfolk, Virginia, February 4, 1876, but since childhood she has lived in Vermont. She studied at Radcliffe College, and has written much verse and prose. Her name frequently appears among contributors to the better-known magazines, and in 1915 a number of her lyrics were printed between the short stories in a volume by her friend, Dorothy Canfield, called *Hillsboro People*. In 1917 she published a book of verses, *Portraits and Protests*, where the portraits are better than the protests. No one has ever more truly or more sympathetically expressed the spirit of George Herbert's poetry than Miss Cleghorn has given it with a handful of words, in the lyric *In Bemerton Church*. But she is above all a country mouse and a country muse; she knows her Vermont neighbours to the skin and bone, and brings out artistically the austere sweetness of their daily lives. I think I like best of all her work the poem

A SAINT'S HOURS

Her matins In the still cold before the sun,
Her brothers and her sisters small
She woke, and washed and dressed each one.

Prime And through the morning hours all
Singing above her broom she stood
And swept the house from hall to hall.

Tierce Then out she ran with tidings good,
Across the field and down the lane,
To share them with the neighborhood.

Sexts Four miles she walked, and home again,
To sit through half the afternoon
And hear a feeble crone complain.

Nones But when she saw the frosty moon
And lakes of shadow on the hill,
Her maiden dreams grew bright as noon.

Vespers She threw her pitying apron frill
Over a little trembling mouse
When the sleek cat yawned on the sill

Evensong In the late hours and drowsy house.
At last, too tired, beside her bed
She fell asleep—her prayers half said.

Is not this one of the high functions of poetry, to interpret the life

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the poet knows best, and to interpret it always in terms of the eleventh and twelfth commandments? Observe she loves the sister-mother, and she loves the mouse as well as the cat. There is no reason why those who love birds should not love cats as well; is a cat the only animal who eats birds? It is a diverting spectacle, a man with his mouth full of squab, insisting that cats should be exterminated.

Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Filsinger) was born at St. Louis (pronounced Lewis), August 8, 1884. Her first book appeared when she was twenty-three, and made an impression. In 1915 she published a volume of original lyrics called *Rivers to the Sea;* some of these were reprinted, together with new material, in *Love Poems* (1917), which also contained *Songs out of Sorrow*—verses that won the prize offered by the Poetry Society of America for the best unpublished work read at the meetings in 1916.

Sara Teasdale is a true poet. It would be an insult to call her poems "promising," for many of them exhibit a consummate mastery of the art of lyrical expression. It would be difficult to suggest any improvement upon

TWILIGHT

The stately tragedy of dusk
  Drew to its perfect close,
The virginal white evening star
  Sank, and the red moon rose.

Although she gives us many beautiful pictures of nature, she is primarily a poet of love. White-hot passion without a trace of anything common or unclean; absolute surrender; whole-hearted devotion expressed in pure singing. Nothing is finer than this—to realise that the primal impulse is as strong as in the breast of a cave-woman, yet illumined by clear, high intelligence, and pouring out its feeling in a voice of gracious charm.

PITY

They never saw my lover's face,
  They only know our love was brief,
Wearing awhile a windy grace
  And passing like an autumn leaf.

They wonder why I do not weep,
  They think it strange that I can sing,
They say, "Her love was scarcely deep
  Since it has left so slight a sting."

They never saw my love nor knew
  That in my heart's most secret place
I pity them as angels do
  Men who have never seen God's face.

A PRAYER

Until I lose my soul and lie
  Blind to the beauty of the earth,
Deaf tho' a lyric wind goes by,
  Dumb in a storm of mirth;

Until my heart is quenched at length
  And I have left the land of men,
Oh let me love with all my strength,
  Careless if I am loved again.

If the two pieces just cited are not poetry, then I have no idea what poetry may be.

Margaret Widdemer, the daughter of a clergyman, was born at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was graduated from Drexel Institute Library School in 1909. She has written verse and prose from early childhood, but was not widely known until the appearance of her poem *Factories.* In 1915 this was published in a book with other pieces, and a revised, enlarged edition was printed in 1917, called by the name of the now famous song, and containing in addition nearly a hundred lyrics. Although her soul is aflame at the omnipresence of injustice in the world, her work covers a wide range

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of thought and feeling. Her heart is swollen with pity for the sufferings of women; but she is far indeed from being a sentimentalist. There is an intellectual independence, a clear-headed womanly self-reliance about her way of thinking and writing that is both refreshing and stimulating. In hope and in despair she speaks for the many thousands of women, who first found their voice in Ibsen's *Doll's House;* her poem *The Modern Woman to Her Lover* has a cleanly honesty without any strained pose. And although *Factories* is doubtless her masterpiece in its terrible *Inasmuch as ye did it not*, she can portray a more quiet and more lonely tragedy as well. Her poem called *The Two Dyings* might well have been named *The Heart Knoweth its own Bitterness.*

I can remember once, ere I was dead,
The sorrow and the prayer and bitter cry
When they who loved me stood around the bed,
Watching till I should die:

They need not so have grieved their souls for me,
Grouped statue-like to count my failing breath—
Only one thought strove faintly, bitterly
With the kind drug of Death:

How once upon a time, unwept, unknown,
Unhelped by pitying sigh or murmured prayer,
My youth died in slow agony alone
With none to watch or care.

Never in any period of the world's history was the table of life so richly spread as in the years 1900-1914; women were just beginning to realise that places ought to be reserved for them as well as for men, when the war came, and there was no place for anyone except a place to fight the Black Plague of Kaiserism; now when the war is over, suppose the women insist? What then? Before the French Revolution, only a few were invited to sit down and eat, while the majority were permitted to kneel and watch from a distance. A Frenchman once remarked, "The great appear to us great because we are kneeling—let us rise." They rose, and out of the turmoil came an enormous enlargement of the dining-hall.

John Curtis Underwood is not only a dynamic, but an insurgent poet and critic. He has published four volumes of poems, *The Iron Muse* (1910), *Americans* (1912), *Processionals* (1915), and *War Flames* (1917). The roar of city streets and the deafening pounding of machinery resound through his pages; yet he somehow or other makes a singing voice heard amid the din. In fact, he uses the din as an accompaniment; he is a kind of vocal Tubal Cain. He writes about strap-hangers, chorus girls, moving pictures, convicts, hospitals, bridge-builders and construction gangs—a symphony of noise, where everybody plays some instrument. He is no pessimist and he is not sour; there are a good many "damns" and "hells" in his verse, because, whatever he lacks, he does not lack emphasis. His philosophy seems to be similar to that of the last two stanzas of *In Memoriam*, though Mr. Underwood expresses it somewhat more concretely.

Leading the long procession through the midnight,
Man that was ether, fire, sea, germ and ape,
Out of the æons blind of slime emerging,
Out of the æons black when ill went groping,
Finding the fire, was fused to human shape.

Heading the dreary marches through dark ages;
Where the rest perished that the rest might be,

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Out of the æons raw and red of bloodshed,
Man that was caveman, found the stars.
Forever
Man to the stars goes marching from the sea.

His poem *Central*, in which the telephone girl's work is interpreted, is as typical as any of Mr. Underwood's style; and no one, I think, can fail to see the merit in his method.

Though men may build their bridges high
and plant their piers below the sea,
And drive their trains across the sky; a
higher task is left to me.
I bridge the void 'twixt soul and soul; I
bring the longing lovers near.
I draw you to your spirit's goal. I serve
the ends of fraud and fear.

The older fates sat in the sun. The cords
they spun were short and slight.
I set my stitches one by one, where life
electric fetters night.
Till it outstrips the planet's speed, and out
of darkness leaps to day;
And men in Maine shall hear and heed a
voice from San Francisco Bay.

Witter Bynner—the spelling of whose name I defy anyone to remember, and envelopes addressed to him must be a collection of curiosities—was born at Brooklyn, August 10, 1881. He was graduated from Harvard in 1902, and addressed his Alma Mater in an *Ode To Harvard*, published in book form in 1907. In 1917 he collected in one attractive volume, *Grenstone Poems*, the best of his production—exclusive of his plays and prose—up to that date. One who knew Mr. Bynner only by the terrific white slave drama *Tiger*, would be quite unprepared for the sylvan sweetness of the Grenstone poems. Their environment, mainly rural, does not localise the sentiment overmuch; for the poet's mind is a kingdom, even though he is bounded in a nutshell. The environment, however, may be partly responsible for the spirit of healthy cheerfulness that animates these verses; whatever they lack, they certainly do not lack purity and charm. Far from the madding crowd the singer finds contentment, which is the keynote of these songs; happiness built on firm indestructible foundations. Some of the divisional titles indicate the range of subjects: *Neighbors and the Country-Side, Children and Death, Wisdom and Unwisdom, Celia, Away from Grenstone*, where homesickness is expressed while travelling in the Far East. And the tone is clearly sounded in

A GRACE BEFORE THE POEMS

"Is there such a place as Grenstone?"
Celia, hear them ask!
Tell me, shall we share it with them?—
Shall we let them breathe and bask

On the windy, sunny pasture,
Where the hill-top turns its face
Toward the valley of the mountain,
Our beloved place?

Shall we show them through our churchyard,
With its crumbling wall
Set between the dead and living?
Shall our willowed waterfall,

Huckleberries, pines and bluebirds
Be a secret we shall share?—
If they make but little of it,
Celia, shall we care?

It will be seen that the independence of Mr. Bynner is quite different from the independence of Mr. Underwood; but they both have the secret of self-sufficiency.

Another loyal Harvard poet is Herman Hagedorn, who was born at New York, July 18, 1882, and took his degree at college in 1907. For some time he was on the English Faculty at Harvard, and has a scholar's knowledge of English literature. He has published plays and books of verse, of which the best known are *A Troop of the Guard* (1909) and *Poems and Ballads*, which appeared

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the same year. He has a good command of lyrical expression, which ought to enable him in the years to come to produce work of richer content than his verses have thus far shown.

By far the best known of the Harvard poets of the twentieth century is Percy Mackaye, who is still better known as a playwright and maker of pageants. He was born at New York, March 16, 1875, and was graduated from Harvard in 1897. He has travelled much in Europe, and has given many lectures on dramatic art in America. His poetry may be most easily studied in one volume of appalling avoirdupois, published in 1916. It takes a strong wrist to hold it, but it is worth the effort.

The chief difficulty with Mr. Mackaye is his inability to escape from his opinions. He is far too self-conscious, much too much preoccupied with theory, both in drama and in poetry. He can write nothing without explaining his motive, without trying to show himself and others the true aim of poetry and drama. However morally noble all this may be—and it surely is that—it hampers the author. I wish he could for once completely forget all artistic propaganda, completely forget himself, and give his Muse a chance. "She needs no introduction to this audience."

There is no doubt that he has something of the divine gift. His *Centenary Ode on Lincoln*, published separately in 1909, was the best out of all the immense number of effusions I read that year. He really rose to a great occasion.

One of his most original pieces is the dog-vivisection poem, called *The Heart in the Jar*. There is a tumultuous passion in it almost overpowering; and no one but a true poet could ever have thought of or have employed such symbolism. Mr. Mackaye's mind is so alert, so inquisitive, so volcanic, that he seems to me always just about to produce something that shall make his previous efforts seem immature. I have certainly not lost faith in his future.

John G. Neihardt was born in Illinois, January 8, 1881. From 1901 to 1907 he lived among the Nebraska Indians, studying their folklore and characteristics. He has published a number of books, of which the best is perhaps *A Bundle of Myrrh*, 1907. In 1915 he produced an epic of the American Fur Trade, preparing himself for the task as follows: "I descended the Missouri in an open boat, and also ascended the Yellowstone for a considerable distance. On the upper river the country was practically unchanged; and for one familiar with what had taken place there, it was no difficult feat of the imagination to revive the details of that time—the men, the trails, the boats, the trading posts where veritable satraps once ruled under the sway of the American Fur Company."

I heartily envy him these experiences; to me every river is an adventure, even the quiet, serious old Connecticut.

Yet the poem that resulted from these great visions is not remarkable. Nothing, I suppose, is more difficult than to write a good long poem. Poe disapproved of the undertaking in itself; and only men of undoubted genius have succeeded, whereas writers of hardly more than ordinary talent have occasionally turned off something combining brevity and excellence. I feel sure that Mr. Neihardt talks about this journey more

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impressively than he writes about it. His love lyrics, in *A Bundle of Myrrh*, are much better. The tendency to eroticism is redeemed by sincerity of feeling.

Charles Wharton Stork was born at Philadelphia, February 12, 1881, and has studied at Haverford, Harvard, and the University of Pennsylvania. He is a scholar, a member of the English Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and has made many translations of Scandinavian poems. Always interested in modern developments of poetry, both in America and in Europe, he is at present the editor of *Contemporary Verse*, a monthly magazine exclusively made up of original poems. This periodical has been of considerable assistance to students of contemporary poetry, for it has given an opportunity to hitherto unknown writers, and occasionally it contains some notable contribution from men of established reputation. Thus the number for April, 1918, may some day have high bibliographical value, since it leads off with a remarkable poem by Vachel Lindsay, *The Eyes of Queen Esther*. I advise collectors to secure this, and to subscribe to the magazine. Mr. Stork has written much verse himself, of which *Flying Fish: an Ode*, may be taken as illustrative of his originality and imagination.

Another excellent magazine of contemporary poetry is *The Sonnet*, edited and published by Mahlon Leonard Fisher, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. This appears bimonthly; and while the attempt to publish any magazine whatever displays courage, Mr. Fisher is apparently on the side of the conservatives in art. "We have attempted no propagandism, and acknowledged no revolution," is the sentence that forms the signature to his periodical. Furthermore, we are informed that "the sole aim of *The Sonnet* is to publish poetry so well thought of by its makers that they were willing to place it within strict confines. The magazine will have nothing to say in defence of its name. It will neither attack nor respond to attacks." It has certainly printed some good sonnets, among which are many by the editor. In 1917 appeared a beautifully printed little volume, limited strictly to two hundred copies, and published by the author—*Sonnets: a First Series.* Fifty specimens are included, all written by Mr. Fisher. More than a few have grace and truth.

A new aspirant appeared in 1917 with his first volume, *Streets and Faces.* This is Scudder Middleton, brother of George Middleton, the dramatist. He was born at New York, September 9, 1888, and studied at Columbia. His little book of poetry contains nothing profound, yet there is evidence of undoubted talent which gives me hope. The best poem of his that I have seen was published in *Contemporary Verse* in 1917, and makes a fine recessional to Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology.

THE POETS

We need you now, strong guardians of our hearts,
  Now, when a darkness lies on sea and land,
When we of weakening faith forget our parts
  And bow before the falling of the sand.
Be with us now or we betray our trust
  And say, "There is no wisdom but in death"—
Remembering lovely eyes now closed with dust—
  "There is no beauty that outlasts the breath."
For we are growing blind and cannot see,

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Beyond the clouds that stand like prison bars,
The changeless regions of our empery,
Where once we moved in friendship with the stars.
O children of the light, now in our grief
Give us again the solace of belief.

A young Princeton student, John Peale Bishop, First Lieutenant of Infantry in the Officers Reserve Corps, who studied the art of verse under the instruction of Alfred Noyes, published in 1917 a little book of original poems, with the modest title, *Green Fruit*. These were mostly written during his last undergraduate year at college, and would not perhaps have been printed now had he not entered the service. The subjects range from the Princeton Inn to Italy. Mr. Bishop is a clear-voiced singer, and there are original songs here, which owe nothing to other poets. Such a poem as *Mushrooms* is convincing proof of ability; and there is an excellent spirit in him.

William Aspenwall Bradley was born at Hartford, Connecticut, February 8, 1878. He was a special student at Harvard, and took his bachelor's and master's degrees at Columbia. He is now in the Government War Service. He wrote an admirable *Life of Bryant* in the English Men of Letters series, and has made many scholarly contributions to the literature of criticism. He has issued two volumes of original verse, of which perhaps the better known is *Old Christmas*, 1917. This is composed of tales of the Cumberland region in Kentucky. These poem-stories are not only full of dramatic power, comic and tragic, but they contain striking portraits. I think, however, that I like best Mr. Bradley's nature-pictures. The pleasure of recognition will be felt by everyone who reads the first few lines of

AUTUMN

Now shorter grow November days,
And leaden ponds begin to glaze
With their first ice, while every night
The hoarfrost leaves the meadows white
Like wimples spread upon the lawn
By maidens who are up at dawn,
And sparkling diamonds may be seen
Strewing the close-clipped golfing green.
But the slow sun dispels at noon
The season's work begun too soon,
Bidding faint filmy mists arise
And fold in softest draperies
The distant woodlands bleak and bare,
Until they seem to melt in air.

William Griffith was born at Memphis, Missouri, February 15, 1876, and received his education at the public schools. He has been a "newspaper man" and magazine editor, and has produced a number of books in verse and prose, of which the best example is *City Pastorals*, originally published in 1915, revised and reissued in 1918. The title of this book appears to be a paradox; but its significance is clear enough after one has read a few pages. It is an original and interesting way of bringing the breath of the country into the town. The scene is a New York Club on a side street; the year is 1914; the three speakers are Brown, Gray, Green; the four divisions are Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. The style is for the most part rimed stanzas in short metre, which go trippingly on the tongue. Grace and delicacy characterise the pictures of the country that the men bring back to the smoky city from their travels.

Occultly through a riven cloud
The ancient river shines again,
Still wandering like a silver road
Among the cities in the plain.

On far horizons softly lean
The hills against the coming night;

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And mantled with a russet green,
  The orchards gather into sight.

Through apples hanging high and low,
  In ruddy colors, deeply spread
From core to rind, the sun melts slow,
  With gold upcaught against the red.

And here and there, with sighs and calls,
  Among the hills an echo rings
Remotely as the water falls
  And down the meadow softly sings.

A wind goes by; the air is stirred
  With secret whispers far and near;
Another token—just a word
  Had made the rose's meaning clear.

I see the fields; I catch the scent
  Of pine cones and the fresh split wood,
Where bearded moss and stains are blent
  With autumn rains—and all is good.

An air, arising, turns and lifts
  The fallen leaves where they had lain
Beneath the trees, then weakly shifts
  And slowly settles back again.

While with far shouts, now homeward bound,
  Across the fields the reapers go;
And, with the darkness closing round,
  The lilies of the twilight blow.

Many of the other poems in this volume, that follow the *City Pastorals*, are interpretations of various individuals and of various nationalities. Mr. Griffith has a distinct gift for the making of epigrams; and indeed he has studied concision in all his work. It may be that this is a result of his long years of training in journalism; he must have silently implored the writers of manuscripts he was forced to read to leave their damnable faces and begin. Certain it is, that although he can write smoothly flowing music, there is hardly a page in his whole book that does not contain some idea worth thinking about. His wine of Cyprus has both body and bouquet.

Theodosia Garrison was born at Newark, New Jersey, November 26, 1874. She has published three volumes of verse, of which perhaps the best known is *The Joy of Life* (1909). At present she is engaged in war work, where her high faith, serene womanliness, and overflowing humour ought to make her, in the finest sense of the word, efficient. Her short poem on the war is a good answer to detractors of America.

APRIL 2nd

We have been patient—and they named us
  weak;
We have been silent—and they judged us
  meek.
Now, in the much-abused, high name of God
  We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone—
With chosen words we make our meaning
  known,
That like a great wind from the West shall
  shake
  The double throne.

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast,—
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,
And in the much-abused, high name of God
  We speak at last.

Meredith Nicholson, the American novelist, has followed the example of many of his brother craftsmen in England, in publishing a volume of original verse, *Poems*, 1906. It is possibly a sign of the growing interest in poetry that so many who have won distinction in prose should in these latter days strive for the laurel crown. Mr. Nicholson's poems are a kind of riming journal of his heart. It is clear that he is not a born poet, for the flame of inspiration is not in these pages, nor do we find the perfect phrase or ravishing music; what we do have is well worth preservation in print—the manly, dignified, imaginative speculations of a clear and honest mind. Furthermore, although he writes verse with his left hand, there is displayed in many of these pieces a mastery of the

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exact meaning of words, attained possibly by his long years of training in the other art of prose.

John Gould Fletcher was born at Little Rock, Arkansas, January 3, 1886. He studied at Andover and at Harvard, and has lived much in London. He has become identified with the Imagists. Personally I wish that Mr. Fletcher would use his rather remarkable command of gorgeous imagery in the production of orthodox forms of verse. Free verse ought to be less monotonous than constantly repeated sonnets, quatrains, and stanza-forms; but the fact is just the other way. A volume made up entirely of free verse, unless written by a man of genius, has a capacity to bore the reader that at times seems almost criminal.

Alan Seeger—whose heroic death glorified his youth—was born at New York, June 22, 1888. He studied at Harvard, where his literary talent won instant recognition. He lived in Paris, and no one has ever loved Paris more than he. He enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France at the outbreak of the war in 1914, and fell on the fourth of July, 1916. His letters show his mind and heart clearly.

Alan Seeger was an Elizabethan. He had a consuming passion for beauty, which was his only religion. He loved women and he loved war, like the gallant, picturesque old soldiers of fortune. There was no pose in all this; his was a brave, forthright nature, that gave everything he was and had without a shade of fear or a shade of regret. He is one of the most fiery spirits of our time, and like Rupert Brooke, he will be thought of as immortally young.

He was an inspired poet. Poetry came from him as naturally as rain from clouds. His magnificent *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen in France* has a nobility of phrase that matches the elevation of thought. Work like this cannot be forgotten.

I said that Alan Seeger was an Elizabethan. He wrote his autobiography in one of his last sonnets, paying poetic tribute to Philip Sidney—lover of woman, lover of battle, lover of art.

Sidney, in whom the heyday of romance
Came to its precious and most perfect flower,
Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
Or bought sweet roundelays to Stella's bower,
I give myself some credit for the way
I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers,
Shunned the ideals of our present day
And studied those that were esteemed in yours;
For, turning from the mob that buys Success
By sacrificing all life's better part,
Down the free roads of human happiness
I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.

His most famous poem, *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, is almost intolerably painful in its tragic beauty, in its contrast between the darkness of the unchanging shadow and the apple-blossoms of the sunny air—above all, because we read it after both Youth and Death have kept their word, and met at the place appointed.

He knew his poetry was good, and that it would not die with his body. In the last letter he wrote, we find these words: "I will write you soon if I get through all right. If not, my only earthly care is for my poems. Add the ode I sent you and the three sonnets to my last volume and you will have *opera omnia quae existant*."

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Among our living young American poets there are few who have inherited in richer or purer measure than William Alexander Percy. He was born at Greenville, Mississippi, May 4, 1885, and studied at the University of the South and at the Harvard Law School. He is now a practising lawyer. In 1915, his volume of poems, *Sappho in Leukas*, attracted immediately the attention of discriminating critics. The prologue shows that noble devotion to art, that high faith in it, entirely beyond the understanding of the Philistine, but which awakens an instant and accurate vibration in the heart of every lover of poetry.

O singing heart, think not of aught save song;
Beauty can do no wrong.
Let but th' inviolable music shake
Golden on golden flake,
Down to the human throng,
And one, one surely, will look up and hear and wake.

Weigh not the rapture; measure not nor sift
God's dark, delirious gift;
But deaf to immortality or gain,
Give as the shining rain,
Thy music pure and swift,
And here or there, sometime, somewhere, 'twill reach the grain.

There is a wide range of subjects in this volume, Greek, mediæval, and modern—inspiration from books and inspiration from outdoors. But there is not a single poem that could be called crude or flat. Mr. Percy is a poet and an artist; he can be ornate and he can be severe; but in both phases there is a dignity not always characteristic of contemporary verse. I do not prophesy—but I feel certain of this man.

One day in 1917, I clipped an unsigned poem from a daily newspaper, and carried it in my pocketbook for months. Later I discovered that it was written by Mr. Percy, and had first appeared in *The Bellman*. I know of no poem by any American published in the year 1917 that for combined beauty of thought and beauty of expression is superior to this little masterpiece.

OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
Alone, among dead trees.

Professor Phelps's last essay will discuss the work of W. V. Moody, E. A. Robinson, H. van Dyke, R. U. Johnson, G. E. Woodberry, W. D. Foulke, G. Santayana, R. Burton, J. P. Peabody, C. Y. Rice, E. Markham, H. K. Vielé, H. H. Whitney, R. Hughes, H. A. Beers, R. C. Rogers, Brian Hooker, W. R. Benét, C. M. Lewis, E. B. Reed, F. E. Pierce, R. Munger, A. Colton, R. B. Glaenzer, S. V. Benét.

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WAR ECHOES

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I. THE FATHER'S HAND

By G. Humphrey

The Dean and I were sitting after dinner discussing the shortage of students at Oxford since the war began.

"You have no idea," he was saying, "how strange it is to lecture to a class of four or five when one has been accustomed to forty or fifty. This morning, for instance . . ."

"Well, Dean," I put in, "after the war there will be no lectures on Latin poetry. The times are changing."

The old man threw back his head, and his silvery beard waved in the candle-light.

"Listen," he began, "you remember the passage where a father was trying to carve a picture of his son's death?"

"*Bis patriae cecidere manus*," I quoted. "Twice the hands of the father fell. Icarus, was it not, for whom his father had made wings, and who flew too near the sun and fell down to earth?"

He nodded. "*Bis patriae manus cecidere*—the father's hands fell to his sides. In our village in the first few months of the war, there came an old man, a refugee from Alsace-Lorraine. By profession, he was a monument carver, and out of the exercise of his craft he had acquired a considerable familiarity with what one might call Phœnix-Latin, the kind that is only called into being when 'Our Esteemed Fellow-Townsman' dies. He had all the pedant's love for the language. Often he would exchange tags with me when I met him in the street.

" '*Quomodo es?* How are you,' he would laugh in the tiny general store, to the mystification of the little spectacled proprietress.

" '*Bene, domine*,' was my grave answer,—'Very well, sir.'

"Soon he became very popular in the village, though he was regarded as something of a crank. It appeared that he was of the old days when Alsace-Lorraine belonged to the French. Of his private affairs we could learn nothing, except that he had married young and that his wife had died at the birth of a son. When he was questioned about his early life, he would affect not to understand—'*Je ne comprend pas, m'sieu*'—this and a shrug of the shoulders was all that we could get out of him.

"Well, the old fellow prided himself on his excellent eyesight, and in the fairly frequent air raids, he refused to go into shelter, preferring instead to remain lying down on the hill outside the village, where he would watch the hostile aeroplane pursued by our guns until it became a speck in the distance toward London. Then he would trudge back again.

" 'The pigs are gone,' he would reassure us in our cellars, shaking his fist at the sky. 'Ah the cochons!

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Sus Germanicus!' and we would crawl out again into God's air, pleased to see him and knowing that there was no longer any danger even if the 'all clear' signal had not yet sounded. For he was always right. He knew from bitter experience.

"One day I saw him in conference with the little knot of sailors that presided over our anti-aircraft defences. He was pointing to the sky rather excitedly and telling them in his broken English, something about aeroplanes and 'it is necessaire that they pass so,' at the same time indicating a track of sky.

" 'What is it?' I asked the petty officer.

" 'He's got an idea for bringing down the Germans,' explained the man, twitching his thumb rather contemptuously toward my old friend. 'He says they always pass over that point above the headland before they turn to London. I never noticed it myself, but there may be something in it. I'll tell the captain.'

" '*En hostes*,' cried the old man in Latin to me, pointing to the place. 'Behold the enemy. It is quite necessaire that he pass by here what you call the landmark, is it not? The German precision, *toujours* the same.'

"I laughed and took him by the arm, down to the village, marvelling at the intense hatred with which he spat out the words. 'The German pigs,' he muttered as we went along. 'They have my country.'

"Soon after there came another raid. We heard the gunfire, without paying much attention to it, so customary had it become. When the safety siren was heard, we all went back to our occupations as usual. I wondered why the old fellow had not appeared, and began to grow anxious, thinking he might have been killed. I was just setting out to look for him when I caught sight of him running toward me over a ploughed field, stopping every other moment to pick up his battered black hat, and looking, even at a quarter of a mile, as if he was full of news of some kind. When he came within a hundred yards or so, still running, he shouted something at me, raising his hands to the sky and then pointing to the earth.

" '*Fuit Ilium*,' I heard. 'Troy is fallen. The Germans is destroyed. They have him shot, so,' and he brought his arm from above his head to the ground in a magnificently dramatic sweep.

" 'What is it?' I asked as I reached him.

"Perspiring and mopping his face with the tricolour handkerchief that some would-be wag had given him, he told his tale. The gunners had taken his advice, and fired at the spot he told them, and a German aeroplane had actually been brought down.

"That week the village was jubilant, and my old friend found himself suddenly a hero. The local papers brought out a long account of the affair, with a leader about the 'victim of German autocracy, whom we are proud to shelter in our midst. With the courage that we know so well in our brave allies, he stayed out unprotected and discerned the weak spot in the foe's armour. We are proud of our guest.' It was, indeed, a proud time for our refugee.

"The naval authorities took over charge of the wrecked aeroplane, and the remains of the fallen aviator were gathered together to be buried the following week in the village cemetery. We were a simple, kind-hearted community, far away in the country,

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and many of the villagers had themselves sons fighting at the front. So we decided that the village should erect a simple tombstone over the fallen enemy—the resolution being made, I suspect, chiefly as the result of a sermon of the worthy pastor, who pointed out that the dead man was more sinned against than sinning, that he was the victim of the German system, and that we ought not to think bitterly of a fallen foe who died at what he conceived to be his duty.

"The next question was as to the inscription. The old Frenchman brought out a book, which he explained was the '*Vade mecum* for cutters of tombs.' From it he produced a marvellous quotation, which he said came from Seneca. He was listened to now with respect, but I could see that the idea was not popular. No one liked to oppose him, until I finally remarked that something simpler would perhaps be better, and suggested, 'Here lies a fallen German,' with the date. The old refugee was obviously very reluctant to give up his wonderful epitaph, but my reading was clearly the favourite, and it was adopted in the end. The obvious man to do the carving was the old stonecutter who had brought down the aeroplane. He was given the commission.

"The burial took place, and the village went back to its normal routine, the old man being supposed to be working on the inscription.

" . . . It was about the time of the discussion of the epitaph that the relics from the recent raid were exposed for view in the little museum at the school. There was no address found on the body, and almost the only personal effect that had survived the terrible fall was a photograph of a woman, young and fair-haired, with the inscription, 'Meine Mutter,' which I translated to the admiring villagers as meaning, 'My Mother.' Nothing else. I went to tell the old Frenchman and ask him if he had seen the curiosities. I found him sitting in the garden of the cottage where he lived, in the little shed he called his workshop, where the tombstone had been brought. To my surprise, he was lying on the ground, and beside his open hand lay a chisel.

" 'What is it?' I asked him.

"He started up when he saw me. 'I was tired,' he answered confusedly. '*Fatigatus opere*, weary with labour. *N'est-ce-pas?* and his poor old face relapsed into a sad attempt at a smile.

" 'But you have not begun to labour,' I answered, trying to joke away an impending feeling of tragedy that I but dimly understood. 'Why do you not do the work?'

" 'Ah, I cannot. My hands are old, and I can no more.'

"Then I saw that his hands were shaking, and I grew alarmed. I could see that the strain of the last few days was telling on him. He seemed years older. So I gently helped him up and took him indoors, where the good woman of the house put him to bed. I asked her how long he had been sick, and she told me that he had gone out that afternoon, looking well, and intending to buy a chisel and visit the little museum. She had not seen him again till I brought him in from the garden.

"From that time the poor old man seemed to grow feebler and feebler, and we began to think that his last joke had been cracked and all his troubles ended. He seemed to lose all wish to live, lying on his bed

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without a word, and only taking food when it was almost forced down his throat. I frequently visited him and tried to console him. For the one thing that now troubled him was that he would not be able to execute his commission before he died. 'Never have I promised and not perform,' he would say. 'Oh, for one day of my *pristini roboris*—my youthful strength.'

"I comforted him and told him, against my belief, that he would be out cutting the inscription next spring. But he shook his head sorrowfully, and at each visit he seemed to grow weaker and weaker. The climax came quite suddenly. Summer had turned to fall, and I was taking my usual walk by the light of the harvest moon, passing through the old churchyard, where the German had been buried and the cross had now been put, uncarved. For we boasted no other stonecutter in the village. I went up to look at it, and by the moonlight I caught sight of the figure of a man. Bending down, I saw my old friend, dead, by the work he had promised. It was not till the next day that they found his chisel by the tombstone, and about a dozen letters which he had chiselled. The villagers thought that the old man had gone out of his mind, for the letters on the stone were not the beginning of the epitaph we had agreed on. They think so yet. For I never told them, and I am the only man who can read what is written on the stone."

Here the Dean was silent a moment or so.

"Well, what had he carved?" I asked.

"*Bis patriae m* . . . Twice the hand of the father failed. The dead man was his son."

II. SOMEWHERE IN . . .

By M. P. Merwin

"Can you ask me that!"

"But after—after all the years?"

"Why, I should have known you at the ends of the earth, I should have known you in hell itself—yes, in the very hell of battle! Or in the midst of all the splendours of heaven—"

"Ah!"

"So you like that better?"

"I do! It fits better—don't you think so?"

"I should say I do—what could any heaven offer more? You, *you* here, your hands in mine! But that's what is so strange, I don't quite—"

"Then I haven't changed? Do I look, do I—do I appear the same, after—after—all the years?"

"Yes and no—both! That's what I don't understand—you *are* the same, yet so very different, when I really look at you. It's queer, you know, but I don't seem to be able really to look at you, at your dear, beautiful face—why, do you know, it actually *shines*."

"And yet you did know me—I saw that you did, even before you 'really looked.' How was it—do you know?"

"Wasn't that the most wonderful

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thing? I don't know how to get it into words. I guess I just knew you, and that's all there is to it. You see, I felt that—yes, that's it—I *felt* that ineffable mother-ness of you!"

"My little Lad!"

"Mother, how just heavenly to be hearing *that* again!"

"And how 'just heavenly' to be saying it."

"It's been so long since I heard it, so cruelly long! Motherkin, how could it be—how could you go, and not a word of farewell—not even of warning—not even to me! It was cruel, cruel—"

"Lad-of-mine, don't imagine I haven't known the bitterness it held for you—for you! But let's not think about that, now—now that we are together—and *here*."

"That's the thing to remember, wise little Mother-of-mine! And that's you, just as you always were—leaping straight at the good thing, and saying, 'Now let's think about *that*.' *Together* and *here*—I haven't much idea what 'here' means, but I know that 'together' and that about fills up my measure of content. Of course, I suppose it's the hospital—and not very far from the front. Isn't that right?"

"Call it 'hospital,' if you like—if the word seems to you to fit. And 'front?' Yes, Son, you might truthfully say that we are not far from the front—the great Front!"

"Mysterious little person—same as always—never would tell me a thing until you thought it was 'right' for me to know! And putting me off so cleverly, too—why, you actually used to make the youngster-that-was—think it was fun to be bamboozled into waiting your time! But never a lie—not once!"

"Of course. How could I have got the truth from you, unless I myself gave it to you?"

"Sure—the kids always know. H'mm—it's getting mighty hard to keep quiet, but I suppose it wouldn't do to move much. It's hard to keep—but there's no *pain*. Do you know, Motherkin, I actually don't remember which arm was shattered!"

"No? You might try moving them—a little. Then perhaps you would begin to—to get at the truth."

"Oh, may I? I'd have supposed—Why, I don't seem to have any trouble to—to move them, both of 'em! They feel—well, *light*. Fact is, I feel light all over."

"And the wound, that thrust through the lung?"

"Ah, that bayonet! I *thought* I couldn't have been mistaken about that. And lying there on the ground—it was an eternity; and the groanings and shriekings—God, what an inferno! Then I forgot everything. Queer, but I feel all right now, here, with you. *Oh-h*, I see—*now*,—of course, this is— They've given me something, and I'm still under the influence of it,—wonder I didn't think of that before! H'mm—if I'm going to be mu— Oh, well, what's the use of worrying about it!"

"None—none at all."

"Light-headed, of course! But wait—see here,—Mother, am I just dreaming all this? You—*you* are real? Mother-Mother, tell me, tell—quick, before I—"

"You are *not* dreaming. And I am 'real,' very real, my little Lad-my little Lad!"

"And you say it,—who never lied to me. You *couldn't* lie, even in a dream. Oh, how good, how just *natural*-good, to hear you say that again,—'My little Lad-my little Lad'

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—twice, just like that, as you always did!"

"Because *you* always called 'Mother-Mother,' twice, just like that."

"Yes, that was my cry, when something turned up that was too big and wonderful for me to digest by myself,—do you remember that?"

"Do I remember!"

"Oh, forgive me! But still, didn't you ask if I—*knew* you?"

"So I did,—we will absolve each other!"

"One of those times I remember: I was a scrap of a kid, and I'd found a baby robin that had fallen out of the nest, in that old orchard,—Grandpa Morley's,—do you remember?"

"Yes—go on."

"You know, Mother, I feel just like that youngster again,—here with you! I can feel it right now—the thrill of it, the unbelievable wonder of it all, to hold it in my very own hand,—that bit of feathery life with tiny bright eyes, straight out of the World-that-flies! And then, of course, I raced to find you, calling 'Mother-Mother,' and you — of course, you answered—"

"My little Lad-my little Lad!"

"Nothing was right, really *right*, until it had been laid before you. No Great Experience gave up its real meaning, its flavour, until you—And that's why it was so terrible, so simply *impossible*,—why, I never got over it,—the not telling things to you, after you—! Not even to be allowed to write—"

"Darling, think of this—you have me now! To tell things to, all the sweet old things like the baby robin, and—all the wonderful, wonderful new ones,—as long as you like."

"That will be some long time,—you won't get away from me soon again!"

"Never again! And remember this, Son,—it is because of the surpassing love between us,—the same thing that made my going so cruel—that *this* can be now. This is the other side of that! It is because of our great love, and because of the fair fruit of your life, little Son-of-mine, because you gave all, not only your young body, but your clean mind, too, to France, to freedom, in pure, utter devotion, in finest self-forgetfulness—"

"Oh, I say now, Mother—"

"Because of these two things, it has been possible for me to meet you here, here at the Frontier, the very Border—"

"What is that you say? frontier? border? Tell me,—Mother, I must know—have we truly come to the border? How long have I been like this—asleep, or unconscious, or whatever it is? Have we—Mother-Mother, have we driven them out of France, beautiful, crucified—"

"Little Son, will you trust Mother?—only a little while, and be quiet, just until— For a time I ask you not to think of—what they call the Great War. Let us think rather now, for a time, of the Great Love that has brought us together,—that, working with the immeasurable gift my boy has made to the Spirit of Freedom—"

"But Freedom—that's just what I am thinking of! Mother, tell me this! I can't wait for this! Our flag, the flag the little French girl said had the sky in it, the flag you taught me to reverence, because it meant freedom,—Mother, *where is that flag?*"

"Laddie, presently all your questions shall be answered, in full! Now you will trust me, and wait a little.

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This is the—Border, though not just in the sense in which you say it. As to the flag, *our* flag, the flag dearer to you and to me than life, because it stands for a great outpost on the road to Freedom,—oh, little Son, I *will* tell you this, even now,—when the time comes for you to know the place of that beloved flag, *you will be satisfied.*"

"*Satisfied?* Coming from your lips, little freedom-loving-Mother, proud—passionately proud daughter of Columbia that you always were! It's enough for me,—I'll wait, as long as you say. Though I don't see why I should wait,—I feel perfectly well, never better. Maybe finding you would account for that,—of course it would! Still, I *am* all right, Mother. That shattered arm, the bayonet thrust,—did I *dream* all that?"

"You could call it dreaming, and not be far wrong."

"Mother, your face shines! It was always sort of shining, you know. But not like this! And now I should know you, too,—your face, I mean, and not just the mother-ness. When you said that now,—'*You will be satisfied,*' you were your old self. That is exactly how you looked once, when I was a kid, and had come running in to you with my new pal, Bill,—they'd just moved in next door,—remember Bill?"

"Billy Slater,—yes."

"We told you we had a new song, 'an awful good one,' and you stopped your sewing and looked interested and eager, just as you always did,—but the other kids' mothers never looked that way! But after we'd sung a little,—*those eyes of yours!* Something had gone wrong with the world, I could see that, even if I didn't know what. I said, 'Oh, Mother, then *did* you raise me to be one?' And then you got to be yourself again, and all cool, and you explained for us how you hoped that there would be no large war ever again, that men were growing too decent and civilised to fight. But you said if ever our country called, in the name of Freedom,—and then you said that song must not be sung in our house, unless we wanted to change a word. And your eyes—well, they were just like that a minute ago!"

"And all these years you have remembered that!"

"Remembered that? Why, that was what brought me to France."

"Son!"

"Yes. You see, Mother, things have changed a lot since you— Of course, there were fellows who went over for the big adventure of it. But I didn't hanker after adventure. I wanted to do my work, and have a little home-place of love, just like what we had, you and I. I wanted to work for it, and for—the just-the-right-Girl. Mother, she has the same kind of eyes as yours! It didn't matter that she had not turned up yet—But look here, how *easy* this goes!"

"Goes?"

"Yes! You see, I've never mentioned *her* before, not to a living soul, and here I go telling you all about her! Anyhow, she always seemed to belong with you,—the same kind of thing was looking out of her eyes at me. Sometimes, when the doubt came of her existing at all—on earth—well, she had to be, she *was,* because you were. You had to be, so why couldn't she be, too, even if she hadn't yet put in an appearance?"

"And so you got your faith in her, your just-the-right-Girl, from—*me?*

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Oh, little Son, that is a fair, a very fair flower for a mother to wear in her heart! And that faith—*faith is the substance of*— But go on,—you said things had changed—"

"Yes; peace was the only thing we thought worthy of sane men. All the glory and all the romance had gone out of war. War was just—*killing.* It was impossible, unthinkable. Then came the Great War—overnight! Mother, don't despise me, but at first I thought we should do just one thing, *keep out.* There must be some other way to bring the madmen to their senses, without our going mad, too. Our Government, our America, —organised for killing—it was impossible. Then, little by little, it became clear that those—those Super-Madmen could be stopped only by the same things that they carried in their blood-stained hands. Then I lay awake nights, trying to work it out, trying to see that it wasn't our fight, —*my* fight. God knows how I wanted to keep out of it! Motherkin, are you ashamed of me?"

"No, no! Go on."

"Then I saw the thing—as it was —*I was trying to save myself!* Not my skin, you understand; I wasn't so keen about that. It was my—peace of mind that I was wanting to save, at any old price, too. It was to keep my hands clean of blood. And then I saw myself for what I really was,—when blood had to be shed, dirty work that must be done for civilisation, that Freedom might be kept on this earth, I, *your son,* was scheming to find a way to let the other fellow do it! And what made the whole thing clear to me was just —*your eyes,*—Motherkin, your blazing eyes, as they looked when you said that Bill and I couldn't sing that song unless we changed it so,—'I did not raise my Boy to be a *Slacker'!*"

"And so, from a little thing, a little moment-matter in your far-off boyhood, has come the growth of a thing of world-moment,—the dedication of a soul to Freedom!"

"You've said it right, it was just that—a soul. I suppose my body, born of you, might have gone over to France sooner or later,—somehow. But the matter was settled for the immortal soul of me! Perhaps it wouldn't be so desperately far off to say that then my soul was born—of your soul, and I got to be, in living earnest, your son. And so I started and found the Foreign Legion. For, you see, Freedom did call, in the name of France, even if my own country— Oh, all right, I'll wait,—'until'! Anyhow, I don't seem to think of it so much,—and you said 'satisfied' anyhow. It's because of you, you wonderful, radiant Motherkin, with—those Eyes! I'm so utterly content, satisfied. And this wonderful sense of Things-to-come,—what *does* it mean?"

"You might rest a little, and wait. You know that wise old earth-saying, 'All things come to him who waits'? Few had then the wisdom to wait,—and now the 'waiting' is so short!"

"Mother-Mother, what is this—this—*colour?* This grace, or is it a glory—and everywhere! Are we—are we—*rising?* I feel so—*light.* Why, this might be the very Gates of Heaven itself—"

"Yes—yes?"

"I'm beginning—I'm beginning to —to see—"

"To see—"

"It's been such a puzzle—your being here. You see, you—you *did*— And yet here you are! And this is—all this is so wonderful,—unspeak-

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able— Do you remember when I first saw the ocean? *Do* you?"

"I do! We had gone on board at night, and you were carried on asleep; and next morning when we came on deck and you saw it for the first time, you said,—dear little Son-of-mine!—you said, 'Why, I guess this is where God lives when He's at home.'"

"That is how it feels now. Mother-Mother, you did go long, long ago; and it wasn't just a dream—the arm and the bayonet through me. And yet, as you said, it *was* a dream, too! And this is—no hospital—"

"No, no!"

"I see—oh, I see! It was, both for you then and for me a day or a week or a month ago,—it was—death?"

"Men call it that, little Son-of-mine."

"And this, *this*—oh, it is, it is! God does live here! Both your hands, Motherkin,—this is—"

"It *is*, my Son,—it is—Life, Life!"

"Mother-Mother,—*Mother* . . ."

"*My little Lad* . . ."

III. THE RETREAT

By Claire Vardon

Over the small French village, a cloudy dusk was gathering, melting into a grey and shifting mass the throng of soldiers and civilians that stood in the square before the town hall and crowded to make way for a lumbering file of munition wagons.

An old woman, passing in front of Pierre Lameaux's house at the end of the village, stared at the closed shutters of the window that gave on the street, and stopped before the open door, peering into the darkened front room.

Gradually, the interior became visible to her puckered eyes. Dark masses of wood detached themselves from the flowered wall-paper; she recognised the massive oak cupboard, and the side-board, crowned with the beaten copper bowl which Lameaux, père, had given to his daughter-in-law on the occasion of her wedding, a year ago. The door that led to the back of the house was ajar.

The old woman turned her head suddenly toward the darkest corner in the room. A tall shadow against the wall had swayed slightly. She leaned forward, scraping her foot on the stone step, and the shadow moved, the pale face of a girl becoming visible in the half-light, her dark eyes fixed on the bent figure in the doorway.

"Good evening, Madame Lameaux." The visitor stuttered a little, and smiled foolishly. "I was passing, and thought I would stop and see if all was well with you."

The girl came to the door, adjusting the loosely knit shawl that fell below her waist. The stronger light revealed deep shadows under her eyes.

"It is late for you to be out, Madame Bourrier." She drew in her breath, and glanced swiftly over her shoulder.

"Indeed, yes, Madame Lameaux—it is late. But on such a day as this, does one think of time? I'll wager our men will not come home to-night

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until they have torn down everything the Prussians have left behind—everything they have built and changed here since two years!"

The girl nodded, her eyes half closed.

"Two years, Madame Lameaux! After two years in the hands of these Prussians—after living in cellars like rats—to have seen them retreat, and to know that we are already out of reach of their guns and that we have escaped destruction! Some—yes, one would think some here were mad with joy."

The girl shivered and drew her shawl closer. Madame Bourrier's bright eyes glanced at her curiously.

"Is your husband working in his fields so late, Madame Lameaux? Indeed, he has to do the work of three men these days—"

"No." The girl shook her head. "To-day he has been sent to do some work for the village."

"Indeed, it is a good thing there are a few strong men left behind. Now, your husband is just as useful here as if his eyes were strong enough to aim a gun. Was he sent far?"

"Beyond the woods, to help dig—a grave—"

"For the unburied Germans—" Madame Bourrier's voice rose querulously. "It seems a pity any Germans should remain in our good ground. To think that Prussians should be left behind, with us—"

The girl retreated a step, into the half light, keeping her eyes on the old woman's face.

"Yes—to think of that, Madame Bourrier—"

Her visitor shifted her weight uneasily, and glanced down the street. "See! My Jacques comes home. I must go. Good evening, Madame Lameaux." She stepped cautiously from the threshold.

The girl's answer was muffled. She was back in the shadows of the room, leaning against the wall, her face buried in the folds of the black shawl.

There was no sound in the room save the confused hum of voices which a rising wind brought from the crowded square. The girl remained immobile, the shadows deepening around her.

The wind was strengthening rapidly, its plaint rising above the rumour of voices. The drawn red cotton curtains before the recess of the window moved a little. A sudden gust rattled the panes. The girl started, lifting her head. The room was almost dark. She crossed it swiftly, keeping her eyes on the grey piece of light framed by the doorway, and sat down on the stone step, outside.

A group of soldiers, passing on the opposite side of the street, greeted her. She smiled at them wearily, as she had smiled at the old woman, and turned her head toward where the road that led to the fields twisted out of sight, among tall trees. An old man shuffled past, hurrying toward the village. She did not look at him, but closed her eyes as the wind beat against her face.

Images took shape against her closed eyelids, fantastic and distorted at first, mellowing gradually into the vision of a curtained room, warm with the glow of a dying fire, vibrant with the low tones of her husband's voice, that spoke of the great love which had brought happiness to the house, the love which would allow no evil to come—

The wind, moaning as it swept across the fields, broke against the low houses and rose to a shriek.

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The girl opened her eyes. Lameaux was standing near, tall and erect, looking down at her. She rose quickly.

"Pierre—I'm so glad you've come."

He smiled under his drooping mustache, his brown eyes narrowed with amusement.

"What an idea—to sit outside in this wind!" He put his arm around her. "You must be cold."

She clung to him. "Yes, I am cold. Let us go in."

They stopped at the threshold; Lameaux glanced at her.

"No light? Not even in the kitchen? Isn't supper ready?"

"I'll have something in a minute." She spoke fast. "Strike a match, Pierre."

She stayed at his side till the match flared, went forward to the lamp on the table, then turned toward him, keeping her face in the shadow.

"You'll have to eat a cold supper. The—the stove isn't drawing right. I have some meat from yesterday."

He grumbled, taking off his coat. "Bring it quickly, then. I'm hungry."

She disappeared through the half-open door.

Lameaux hitched up his corduroy trousers and sat down at the table, gazing with a sigh of contentment around the room, at the flowered wall-paper, at the strip of red and blue carpet before the window, half concealed by the closed curtains, at the dull reflection of lamplight on the doors of the oak cupboard. From the kitchen came the sound of dishes. He drummed his fingers on the table.

She returned, and laid the supper before him.

He glanced at her as he began to eat. "You're looking pale to-night."

"I am tired." She sat down opposite him and filled her plate.

For a while, Lameaux ate without looking at her. He lifted his head suddenly. "You are pretending to eat." He leaned over the table and laid his hand over hers. "You must have caught a fever, sitting out there in the wind."

She laughed a little, and caught her breath. "I'm all right."

The window shook under a furious blast of wind. Lameaux glanced at the swaying curtains.

"I'll have to fix that window before winter. It rattles as if it was going to come apart. Lets in the wind, too."

The girl had half risen. He stared at her.

"What's the matter?"

She sat down and shaded her eyes. "This light. It's so strong."

"I never noticed it." He scraped his plate and pushed it away, leaning his elbows on the table.

She looked at him. "You must be very tired, Pierre."

"Yes, it was hard work, to-day. But I'm not in a hurry to go up; one feels so comfortable down here." He glanced around again, and smiled at her. "One thing shows I was tired when I came in. I looked all around the room, and didn't notice that the new bit of carpet in front of the window was rumpled. See those creases? You must have done that when you were closing the shutters."

The girl gasped, staring at him with widened eyes, and turned her head slowly toward the window. Her hand went to her throat.

Lameaux rose abruptly. "Marie—you must tell me what—"

She turned to him, smiling with

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white lips. "I tell you it is nothing. I'm just tired—"

The wind renewed its violence.

Her eyes strayed back to the window. Lameaux's glance followed hers. He bent forward, his lips parted. The creases in the carpet had changed, deepening into folds.

Lameaux advanced slowly toward the window, still bent forward. He paused, swore hoarsely, flung back the curtains, and recoiled.

The body of a German officer was propped up aginst the window, his blond head thrust forward, his jaw sagging, as if he were under the blow of fearful tidings.

Lameaux looked at his wife over his shoulder. "What—"

She was moaning, bent over the table, her face hidden by the black shawl. "I didn't want you to see—I was going to get it out of the house to-night, hidden under some bushes—"

The wind shook the window again, and the body quivered. The thick boots slid forward almost imperceptibly, pushing the carpet before them.

The girl had begun to sob. "—didn't want you to know. I closed the shutters and hid him. They would have found him under the bushes to-morrow—and just thought he'd been forgotten."

Lameaux passed the back of his hand over his forehead. "I don't understand."

Her sobbing rose harshly, dominating the silence of the room. Abruptly, he strode over to her and closed his hands over her shoulders.

"Tell me what it means."

She lifted her head, grasping his arm. "Pierre—I will tell you—only sit down—wait—"

Lameaux reached back for a chair and sat down, staring at her. She wiped her face with the shawl, and turned to face him. The lamp flickered, burning lower. He stretched out a shaking hand to raise the wick.

She began slowly, her voice strained and low.

"He came in by the back way—this afternoon. I was washing in the kitchen, and when I turned from the sink I found him standing in the middle of the room. I saw that it was one of the staff officers who had been quartered across the street. I saw also that he swayed as he stood; he had been wounded in the shoulder. I tried to reach the door, but he caught hold of my arm and said in his ugly French, 'Don't give the alarm. Listen first to me. For your husband's sake, take me to where I can talk to you quietly.' I said, 'We have nothing to fear from you. Let me go.' He looked at me hard, and repeated, 'I swear you will be sorry if you betray me.' Then he showed me he was unarmed. He said, 'In the front room, you would have only to call, and someone would hear you.' I stood still, thinking. A great fear had come to me—that you were in danger. He kept on looking at me, his lips moving. Finally, he said, 'You had better do as I say.' I left him, locked the front door, and returned to the kitchen. He was still standing in the same place, and drew a deep breath when he saw me. I motioned him into this room. He walked in front of me, touching the wall to steady himself, and sat down here, by the table.

"For a long time, he remained silent, leaning back in his chair. When I spoke, he looked up as if he had forgotten me. He told me that he had been wounded and left behind in the retreat; that he had been hiding in our barn, and waiting all day

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for a chance to reach the house without being seen. Then he grinned at me and said, 'And now, Madame Lameaux, you shall bring me food. After that, you shall hide me in a safe place until I can make my way to the German lines.' I went to the door, telling him that if this was all he had to say, I was going to notify the authorities. He put out his hand and cried, 'Stop!' his voice suddenly becoming hoarse. 'A good wife should have more respect for her husband's peace of mind.' I asked what he meant. He grinned at me again. 'While I was hiding in your barn, I thought of many things that happened when the staff was quartered across the street.' I waited, listening. 'You remember,' he said, 'that your house was in great danger of being punished, once, for some stray rifle shots, and was spared?' I shrugged my shoulders. 'Because the shots hurt no one, and it was not proved they came from here.' He nodded. 'That is true. But some people were much astonished at the recalling of the order, your husband among them. I remember hearing him say that we had decided to have the house destroyed, that he couldn't understand why we should change our minds at the last moment.' He went on more slowly. 'Now some evil-minded persons might consider that the suspicion rested on the house of the prettiest woman in the village. I don't say they would think of it, but if someone put it in their heads—' I still did not understand, and stood looking at him. He said, 'I came to see you a short time after that.' I interrupted quickly. 'You came to ask about a friend of mine, whom you had known in Paris before the war. And I didn't receive you any too well.' He nodded again. 'That also is true. But have you any witnesses? We were alone.' When I could speak, I said, 'It is impossible —you cannot tell that lie—my husband would not believe you. Besides, he would kill you.' Then he fumbled inside his coat, drew out a folded white paper, laid it on the table, keeping his hand over it, and looked at me quietly. 'I shall not be captured alive,' he said. 'If I am discovered, does it matter how the end comes? But, in order to increase my chances of escape, I want you to know that your happiness depends upon it.' I told him again, 'He would not believe you.' He leaned forward, and said, 'I know your husband, and I know how to tell him. He will not be sure. He will try not to believe. But the doubt will remain.'

"Then he stretched out his legs and lay back in the chair, trying to smile—he was getting weaker—and told me that we French thought the Germans had no imagination. 'But I have shown you that we have: when it is a matter of life and death. Now you shall bring me some coffee before you hide me.' He closed his eyes.

"It was then I remembered the folded paper he had left on the table."

The girl paused, and shivered as a feebler gust of wind rattled the window faintly.

"I took it."

Lameaux had not moved. She looked away from him.

"It was a white powder, and it dissolved very quickly. When I returned, he opened his eyes enough to watch me. I saw that it was in his mind that I might try to kill him. He took the coffee from my hands, and told me to stand in front of him.

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"After he had drunk, he sat for a little while bowed over, his hands on his knees. He lifted one hand to his head and muttered something in German. Then he glanced at me, saying, 'It wouldn't do for me to go to sleep here,' and stood up. He lurched, caught hold of the table, and stood over it, his head hanging. Suddenly he said—'Where are those powders?' I was standing near the door. He looked in my direction. His eyes were vague, and couldn't seem to find me. Then he began to fall on his knees, slowly — he was fighting against it and grasping the edge of the table. He said—'You—you haven't—' "

The mesh of the black shawl strained and tore between the girl's clenched hands.

Lameaux found his voice. "And then?"

"And then he died—lying on his face."

The rattling of the panes grew louder in the stillness of the room. Lameaux, sitting erect, was staring before him. The girl remained motionless, her fingers twisted in the shawl.

Lameaux looked at her. "You thought—he made you think—that I might believe him?"

She nodded wearily.

He pushed back his chair, adjusted a plate on the side-board with great precision, and came over to her.

"Marie— Do you think you could forget, after a while?"

She glanced at him. He motioned with his head toward the window. "Forget that you have killed—a liar."

She put out her hand and touched his arm. "Pierre—with you—perhaps I could."

Lameaux went to the window, drew the curtains together, and stood facing her, his shoulders square.

"You are tired, Marie. Go upstairs. I will—I will come up soon."

BARREN

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

With wistful eyes she watched them pass—
The long, long line of marching boys;
A smile was frozen on her lips
As of remembered joys.

She waved her hand and stood erect—
One with the brave on that bright morn:
A mother cheering for her son
Whom she had never borne.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE SCENARIO

BY THOMAS H. INCE*

THE writing of motion-picture scenarios is a field of literary endeavour that has been strangely overlooked by the ambitious and talented young fellow who is "working his way" through college.

We have come to know the undergraduate who earns his board and tuition and other expenses by managing an eating club, taking orders for laundry, chaperoning the college furnaces, soliciting subscriptions to books and periodicals and the like during the vacation period; but so far, we have not become acquainted with the clever fellow who devotes some portion of his spare time to the fashioning of scenarios for the motion pictures.

Here is a vast, unworked, wonderfully fertile field that offers better and quicker financial reward than almost any other line of personal effort that I know of.

There is a great and immediate demand for stories for the motion pictures and so far the producers have, for the greater part, been compelled to rely upon the writers of note whose "best sellers" have brought exorbitant prices to their authors, and to the staff writers who are attached to most of the important studios of the country.

With our old friends, Mr. Supply and Mr. Demand, still doing business, as usual, and with Demand overwhelming Supply, the pressing need for scenarios becomes more apparent. Picture producers think nothing of paying anywhere from five thousand to forty thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights to some popular story that has film possibilities, and has the added advantage—and this latter is a very important item—of an exceptional advertising vogue. As much as a thousand dollars has been paid for a single idea, for a situation or an incident, for the mere suggestion of a climax that will lend itself to the purposes of the camera.

And yet there are literally thousands of bright young men, working their way through educational institutions, who regard their earning capacity as of unusual calibre if it returns to them as much as five hundred dollars a year,—meaning the scholastic year in this connection. Most of these young men are gifted in a literary way . . . certainly, each of them has at least one story locked up in his brain, one story that will stand the Missourian test of the producer.

The writing of a story for the screen is not a difficult matter, once the author has his plot well in mind. The motion-picture producer does not care for any technical arrangement of the story—meaning that he does not want the story submitted in what we, of the screen, call "continuity form." The writing of "continuity"—the writing of the various scenes of the picture—is a matter

*Mr. Ince is the president of the Thomas H. Ince Co., Inc., and the William S. Hart Productions Co., and is a dominant figure in the motion-picture world. He is one of the pioneers of an industry that is ranked by the United States Census as the fifth in importance in this country.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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for the staff writers who make a specialty of this form of composition.

Any good plot for a picture can be told in from one thousand to three thousand words. All we care for is the mere story, with the characters well defined, the action and incidents plainly indicated . . . there need be no dialogue at all. The fashioning of such a story represents but a fraction of the time and effort that enter into the writing of a short story for a magazine or a similar literary composition. Personally, I have bought first-class stories that have been written on the back of a single envelope . . . but the *story* was there in its entirety, condensed, of course, but complete.

The motion-picture story makes just as many demands upon the author as does a dramatic work upon the dramatist. Everything that enters into the making of a successful play must be found in the successful motion picture. First of all, there must be conflict—and all drama is conflict—and there must be, too, suspense, plenty of action, the always necessary "love interest," the characters must be human and act like human beings; all artificiality must be brushed aside on the screen as on the speaking stage and there ought to be as much of comedy as is permissible, because laughs are as valuable an asset to the screen product as to the play of the stage. And above all else, there should be the always desirable "punch." This "punch" may be physical or psychological. Many picture producers rely upon the physical punch for their most effective scenes and climaxes, although the psychological has been known to be equally as thrilling and telling, if logically introduced, and not merely dragged in.

It was not so very many years ago that most producers of films believed that a physical fight was an all-important feature of a screen product and it was not long before almost every maker of pictures was engaging the sturdiest of actors, with the result that with everybody filming fights, the fight quickly lost its screen value. Now, the producer injects a fight into his work only when the exigencies of the story demand it, and not for the mere sake of having two well set-up actors pummel each other for several hundred feet of film for the few thrills that such a battle may provide.

The public has showed, by its failure to patronise them, that costume pictures are not wanted. So, no matter how good the costume story —and by "costume story" I mean a story in which the characters live and are garbed in the attire of another period than the present—may be, nor how many opportunities it may offer for effective picturisation, the writer of scenarios would do well to avoid this class of story.

There are specialists in scenario work, as in every other department of literary effort. For instance, I have had in my employ for the last three years one writer who specialises in scenarios for my Artcraft star, William S. Hart, the portrayer of Western characters. Hart requires a peculiar sort of a story. The people that go to see a Hart photoplay never would accept him in the garb of an Easterner. He is essentially of the West. He possesses a singular and proved ability to portray characters of the early Western country—the sturdy pioneer of the plains, the grim-visaged, steel-eyed,

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quick gun-draw man of the mining camp and gambling places of the early fifties. Hart always must have the best of every physical argument in his screen work, not that he personally cares to come out "first best" in every encounter, but if he did not, his millions of admirers would be disappointed and he must be kept on his cinema pedestal. Hart always must have a chance to prove his superiority as a horseman. He demands opportunities to come to the screen rescue of suffering and imperilled femininity. He must be pictured as a big-hearted, whole-souled, rough-spoken man with a wealth of real affection for animals, children and womenfolk. Aside from these screen necessities, Hart may be pictured as a despicable sort of a character by the scenarioist, only he must have a chance to swing over to the side of Law and Order during the last hundred or so feet of film of the story.

So, a story that will fit Hart pretty much after the manner of the proverbial wall-paper might not be at all suitable to any other screen player, although there are scores of what we call "Western actors" in the different studios of California and the East. But because this particular scenarioist I refer to has the knack of fashioning stories for Hart he is able to report a yearly income of fifty-two thousand dollars to the Government—and if he turns in eight stories a year I am more than satisfied.

A few months ago there came to my Los Angeles studio a young man who said he was a graduate of the University of California. He said he had taught school in a small town in the State of Washington for a year, after which he had tried being a San Francisco newspaper reporter at thirty-five dollars a week. He thought he could write scenarios. I told him to prove his belief by writing one. He did. It was so good that I immediately bought it. I paid him more for this one story than he had received for an entire year's work as a school teacher in Washington. His next story was even better. He showed that he had the faculty for "building plots." Today he is a member of my regular staff of scenario writers and is paid more money every Saturday afternoon than he ever dreamed he could make in an entire month in any other line of work.

Any "best seller" will bring to its author about forty thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights. This is the amount such popular fictionists as Rupert Hughes and Robert Chambers receive for one of their widest advertised stories, after it has gone through the serial and bound volume process. Rex Beach will not sell his stories at any price. He prefers to turn his plots into film form himself, thereby getting the profits that otherwise would accrue to the producer. That Mr. Beach has found his plan is a good one is attested by the fact that he continues to plod along, content to make about one hundred thousand dollars with each of his stories, in their celluloid form. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward —whose writings are not particularly suitable for screen purposes— demands and receives as much as five thousand dollars for one of her stories. I think this is the amount she received for the screen rights to *Missing*, which attained something like a fourth rank in the best-seller class of its year.

Barrie will not listen to the golden

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offers of the film folk. Once he did. He sold the rights to picturise *The Little Minister*. He did not like the result and declared that never again would he permit any picture maker to use one of his stories. He has steadfastly stuck to this declaration, although he has been offered one hundred thousand dollars for the film rights to *Peter Pan*. Nor will the heirs to the Lew Wallace estate consider any price for the screen rights to *Ben Hur*. As much as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been proffered for the right to make a picture out of the Wallace story, and the offer refused. Perhaps, some day when the bid for *Ben Hur* rights reaches the half million mark, there may be a different answer.

Only recently the sum of forty thousand dollars was paid for the film rights to a recent stage success of more than common proportions. Most of the plays of the speaking stage have been made into pictures, which will largely account for the present condition of Mr. Supply and Mr. Demand.

"While there are only a few *Peter Pans* and *Ben Hurs*, there are, nevertheless, hundreds of clever young men, with trained minds and fluent pens, undergraduates of our educational institutions, who would not mind being paid hundreds—and perhaps thousands—of dollars for a story that would make a good motion picture. The market is awaiting their product and it is always a rising market, too. The entire future of the fifth industry in the United States depends upon exactly one thing—good stories with film possibilities. Some day, an early day, I trust, some of the young men who are earning their educations by hard work will turn their attention to this big, undeveloped, golden field of the motion-picture scenario.

And to the college student who may care to exploit this wonderfully fertile field, I might mention an all-important fact—that in selling a scenario, the author merely disposes of the motion-picture rights . . . he retains for his own the serial and other rights, because all the motion-picture man cares for is the right to turn the story into a five-reel photoplay—and five reels of film mean about five thousand feet of celluloid romance and adventure, or about fifty-five or sixty minutes' of entertainment.

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STORIES OF TEMPERAMENT AND CHARACTER*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

WHILE we are waiting for the last of the "Books of the Small Souls," by that sober and subtle painter of modern Dutch life, Couperus, this complete and characteristic story comes, unexpectedly, from the unwearied hand of Mr. de Mattos. There are two theories of choosing a title for a novel. One is to bag the attention of the public with a "compelling" phrase; the other is to suggest, for better or worse, what the book is about. The work of Couperus belongs to an order of fiction that disdains catchpenny methods and wishes only to be taken for what it is. If people are not interested in small souls and old people and things that pass, if they shrink from looking upon life from the meditative ironic view, let them (he would say) take warning in advance. If they prefer rose-coloured glasses, so much the pleasanter for them, no doubt: our own happen to be of neutral colour or, perhaps, slightly tinged with grey. Still, if we do not see life as a pretty thing, an affair of juvenile love-making ending with the wedding bells, or of brisk comedy inviting to laughter, neither do we see it as the gross affair of the naturalists with their attempt to reduce human nature to the proportions of an obscene scrawl in an outhouse. The routine and much of the substance of life are wearisome and often ugly. But it contains self-rewarding affection as well as unhappy passion, noble endurance as well as meaningless suffering, a true bond of souls as well as the conventional and often clogging bonds of kinship or marriage. And under its drab surface, through its humdrum action, often runs a thread of tragic romance.

Such is the atmosphere in which the story-teller envelops us. To begin with, this whole book is saturated with the sense of age. "So old—so old," is the incessant refrain. There are Grandmamma, ninety-seven; her friends and former lovers, Mr. Takma, ninety-three, and Doctor Roelofsz, eighty-eight; her children in their sixties and seventies; her grandchildren some of whom already feel and dread the approach of age. "So old—so old . . ." But one is not called on to assist here at a scene of mere disintegration and cessation, such as, for instance, Arnold Bennett summoned us to in the latter part of *The Old Wives' Tale*. For these old and very old people are not mere shadows and echoes of the past, long since dead or dying as actors in the world's drama. A single red and deathless moment out of the past has

*Old People and the Things that Pass. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Children of Passage. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Autumn Sowing. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Light Above the Cross Roads. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Restless Sex. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Professor Latimer's Progress: A Novel of Contemporaneous Adventures. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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kept the past alive, made it a part of the present. The dramatic action, which had reached its first climax sixty years ago, is still to be concluded—must be concluded—before the chief actors are released from the burden and the passion of living. Sixty years back "Grandmamma," already a woman of nearly forty, was found by her husband with her lover. Next morning the body of the husband is discovered among the boulders of the river that ran near their bungalow—in a remote Indian district. The wife and her lover are guilty of his death. Roelofsz is sure of it, but officially returns a report of death by accident. He exacts his price of the woman, and remains true to his promise of silence. There are rumours of foul play, talk of investigation, but the crime is never brought home. Outside of "Grandmother," her lover Takma, and Roelofsz, only an old Indian *baboe* and the twelve-year-old son of the murdered man know what has happened. The son keeps silence, but his life is blasted by his dreadful secret. The *baboe*, before her death many years later, tells her son—the beginning of blackmail. The central figures in this last act of the drama, sixty years after, are the strange trio whom love and crime have linked in secret, and who seem condemned to wait and listen for the retribution which has so long stayed its hand. There is a touch of conventional romance in making an instrument of discovery out of the half-destroyed letter that falls from the dying Takma's hand. It is a haunting tale, piteous and sombre and yet not without elements of beauty, as notably in the character of Lot, sensitive and generous and achieving what it may against the deadly inhibitions of its inheritance.

I think there is less health in *The Stucco House* because of its indifference to tragic beauty,—we might be sure of it but for the single figure of Tibby. This is the sequel and, thank heaven, the conclusion of *Three Sons and a Mother*. You recall the Scottish widow, Lawrie, grimly ordaining that her three boys shall grow up and make what they can of themselves in Thrigsby—a smug, dingy stronghold of British provincialism like one of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns. When at last they are clear of her, two of them have been duly modelled to her pattern—prosperous, respectable men, entirely selfish, narrow, and well thought of. The third, Jamie, is the duckling of the brood, non-conformist, dreamer, and dabster at life—the fellow with the temperament whom we so easily ignore as a neighbour and are supposed to be so much interested in, in books. The truth is, temperament is only interesting to most of us when it lends richness and colour to that old-fashioned commodity, character. I do not mean by character mere conventional morality—it is not and never was that: I mean the quality that is chart and compass and rudder to the strong man on his reef-strewn, storm-swept course through this world. Not everyone can be the successful skipper of his soul; but most people like to have a try at it. And if there is anything that bores them it is the spectacle of the party alongside who expects a salute of ten guns because he is so original as to prefer drifting and gazing at the moon. They are as contemptuous of the Jamie Lawries, the dabsters and fumblers and feckless dilettantes of experience, as

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of the Tom Lawries who worship the main chance and the proper thing. At the end of the earlier story we parted with Jamie as he left England upon a journalistic mission to America. He is glad to escape from his life and his wife in Thrigsby; and despite our experience of him, we have vague hopes that he will find himself and his right course at last by way of the Atlantic. The present narrative shows him up as the child of promise, and the youth of promise who never comes to anything. We fall in step with him again at the moment of his return to Thrigsby. He brings from America nothing but contempt for that new land, and returns to England as to a choice of evils, or futilities. Some thrill of homecoming he is conscious of; there is to be a secondary honeymooning with the dull, vain and handsome wife. But he is soon in his old ways, a scorner of Thrigsbean respectabilities and hypocrisies; a bit of a poet, a bit of a prophet, and not much of a man. He has nothing to rely on but his own temperamental bootstraps; and they fail him. At the long last we are content to have done with him, the dirty, embittered, half-crazed old fellow—he is "real" enough, if that matters. . . . Tibby, I say, Tibby the ugly, the faithful, the longsuffering, the indomitable, a strong presence brooding over the temperamental abyss, is the memorable figure of the book. Apart from its human substance, it is, of course, a book admirably "written," a fine achievement in style and all that we mean by workmanship.

Very different from its grim ironic monotone is the varied note of a more distinctively Scottish story, *Children of Passage*. The author, who is the son of "Ian Maclaren," has done several books of overt humour, with a strongly satirical bent. Here he would appear to be influenced by the greatest of models for a Scotchman, Sir Walter himself. He has reverted, at least, to a now old-fashioned form of novel in which the tense romantic story is relieved by scenes and characters of satire or broad humour. Its chief setting is the remote provincial backwater of "Inverclover," with its quaint local characters and customs. The days of its feudal prosperity are past. A few of its old families remain, lording it over the memory of what has been, but in faded state. Tenants are emigrating, estates are being gobbled up by the new rich from the South; but the end of the old order is not yet, in so far as it is a social order. At its head is the master of Garroch, James Grahame, a survival of the simpler times, clinging to the tradition of greatness while Garroch sinks steadily deeper into the slough of debt and disintegration. Once owner of the whole countryside, fate and his own mismanagement have forced him to sell part of his lands and to encumber the rest with mortgages. But he still hopes blindly on, proud and obstinate in his belief that the home of his ancestors must somehow be saved to his descendants. His only link with the coming generation, to be sure, is his frail daughter, Iona,—already marked with death, but as little able to seek life away from Garroch as he himself would be. The coming of young David Manning gives her a chance. Their love revives her hold upon life for a happy hour. But he himself is ill-fitted for the career of "success" laid down for him by authority. The war finds a way out for them (as in so many current novels) from a hopeless *im-*

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passe. So much for the romantic story—in which also is involved a kindly, ineffectual parson, John Parrish. Apart from it the book holds some memorable "character" portraits in the theatrical sense, picturesque types for the hand of friendly satire. In Manning, senior, the pushing, ruthless man of the hour, is a figure for harsher interpretation. Serious and moving also is the study of John Parrish's awakening by love, war and death, from his easy dream, and of his setting forth in middle age upon his real quest. For a moment, as we part with him on the eve of his effort, he is pausing to think wistfully upon the dead youth of the young pair who seem somehow to symbolise the dead youth of the world. I give the few concluding lines as suggestive of the beauty with which this story-teller often invests his pages: "The first shafts of the dawn triumphed down the flanks of the glen, the sun was climbing upward until it flung a dazzling pathway to the summit of Ben Calder. . . . How was it with Iona and David? . . . He raised his eyes, and at that the eternal glory of the rising sun, the old wistful fancy of childhood came back to him, carrying with it a new tenderness and beauty. 'Beyond the mountains—who can say what manner of country is there.' "

Mr. Benson has no longer any surprises for us, but this is a very good sample of his work,—altogether the best thing he has done lately. I could not feel that he himself took his *Oakleyites* with any sort of seriousness. In that and others among his later novels he has seemed to be spinning his yarn languidly and perfunctorily, out of habit, and with no strong impulse to begin anywhere or get anywhere. Sometimes he has seemed to be merely yielding to the stream of his fluency, often lapsing into dilution and sheer garrulity, and lulling or disgusting with his amiable babble, according to the mood and intelligence of his hearers—of whom he appeared to expect little. Traces of this laxity and rather insolent nonchalance appear in the present narrative; but they are relatively few. There is a story to be told here. On the surface it looks stale enough: the middle-aged, married man falling in love with his stenographer. The self-made Mr. Keeling, with his universal stores, his dull marriage, his smug success, is fair game for a romancer who likes to try his hand at homely materials. What we are really to watch here is the spectacle of a smug fellow, a Philistine and a cad, being remoulded and made a man of by a profound experience of the heart. And this does not mean that he is to have his way of love, for better or for worse. One knows how Mr. Wells would have handled the situation (he must have handled it somewhere by this time!) —exulting in the triumph of personal liberty over convention—or Mr. Bennett, in a vein of whimsical comedy with an inconclusive and ironic curtain. Mr. Benson would not do that. He is still thought of, to be sure, as the author of *Dodo,* which is vaguely recalled as a rather daring little story. But he is essentially a conservative and a man of sentiment. He has, let us say, an old-fashioned belief in character as the really significant and determining thing in life. When poor Keeling and his Norah reach the moment of decision, as to whether they shall take their happiness in the face of all other things, they are not turned

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back by cowardice or a feeble habit of conformity. What decides matters is something in them, some force or spirit which they both resent and rely upon and cannot go on without. "'We belong to each other,' cries Keeling, after his discovery that Norah loves him too, 'that's all I know. I have you now. You needn't think I shall let you go. You will leave that damned place this evening with me. . . . There is no other way.' . . . Even as he spoke, that silent, inexorable tug, that irresistible tide of character which sweeps up against all counter-streams of impulse which do not flow with it, began to move within him." The stronger tide in her is needed for the final conquest: the point is that for them it is to this conquest that Something, the greater good or the greater happiness, has called them. Victorians? Very well (this story-teller would seem to admit smilingly): perhaps the world still needs a few of those worthies "in its business."

The Light Above the Cross Roads is a war story upon much the same plane as the recent *Comrades* of Mary Dillon: a romance tinged with generous feeling not toward the spirit of Prussianism, but toward a Germany which is itself the victim and the instrument of that spirit. Here, also, pitted in love and war against the British hero, is a noble German of high charm and character. Marcus Janover is the son of an important Anglo-Indian official, who destines him for the diplomatic service, and, rather despising the Eton-and-Oxford method and product, has him educated largely in Germany. There the boy finds a devoted friendship with a young Count Eitel von Verlhof, a youth of the best German type, though strongly imbued with the German view of a predestined Teutonic supremacy. Janover is half Irish, and grows up to a passionate feeling for Ireland and her wrongs. Almost identified in his consciousness with Ireland is his beautiful cousin Hesper, tied to the reactionary father and the decaying estate that represent one of Ireland's crying problems. Hesper shares Janover's dream of a freed and happy Erin. So come the troubled years before the war, with their threat of civil conflict in the beloved island, and their apparently hopeless tangle of ideals and allegiances. And then the war itself, which is to smother for a time, if not to extinguish, so many of Britain's smouldering menaces within. Janover has become an attaché of the British Embassy at Berlin. His German training and acquaintance, not least his friendship with Eitel von Verlhof, give him special opportunities for usefulness. On the eve of the war, partly through a circumstance which I feel to be artificial as a determining factor, he is led to leave the Embassy and to become virtually a spy for England in Berlin. Making much of his Irish blood and his unfair treatment at the hands of England, he gets himself accepted as a hireling of the Wilhelmstrasse, discovers the most amazing things, and more than once saves the day for the Allies. Meanwhile, there is his romance with cousin Hesper marooned in her Irish halls. This is complicated in two ways: first by the fact that Eitel has fallen deeply (and chivalrously) in love with her, and second, by Janover's sense of his hopeless unworthiness, as a spy, to be the mate of an honourable maiden. In the end the greater duty forces

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Janover to go his way ruthlessly, even to the point of betraying his always beloved Eitel to certain frustration and actual death. In the end we have the expected glimpse of possible future happiness for Janover and Hesper after he shall have cleansed himself by way of the firing line and, perhaps, "come through" to receive his reward. In style and atmosphere this novel has more distinction than in action or characterisation.

I suspect that Mr. Chambers enjoys having himself held up as an awful example; certainly he enjoys, now and then, a little fling at "highbrow" criticism. "That's the sort, Cleland, if you want to make money!" cries the illustrator Spink in *The Restless Sex*, having outlined a popular melodrama. "But of course if you don't, well, then, go on and transmute leaden truth with your imagination into the truer metal wrought by art. If there's a story in it, people will excuse the technical excellence; if there isn't, they won't read it. And there you are." Cleland himself (who is the hero of this tale) sees through the polite veneer of literary art into the core of things. "How does it pan out with you?" he inquires of an old schoolmaster of his. "Well," said Grayson, "I write things that are taken by what people call the 'better class' magazines. It doesn't seem to advance me much." "Cheer up. Try a human magazine, and become a best seller," said Cleland, laughing. The theory, on its face, is that if sound and fine work—"transmuting leaden truth," and so on—cannot be cashed in at the highest market figure, it does not "advance" anybody much. Of course Mr. Chambers does not believe this. On the whole, I have come to disagree with the earnest critics (including myself) who have looked upon him as a man deliberately prostituting his talents, to the concoction of sham boudoir-and-studio fiction for the undergraduate and the shop-girl. It is true that he has written two historical romances of solid merits and only slightly tainted with his special perfume—or shall I say perfumery? And it is sure that when he chooses to employ it he has a strong and masculine hand with the short story—as witness his recent book of war tales, *Barbarians*. But I believe (reluctantly) that when he writes a novel of modern life he is doing his best; that this world of stage lingerie, and rouged motive, and false sentiment and coquettish naked models and the rest, has come to be the world in which his fancy as an author really lives. Perhaps he has subdued his hand to what it worked in, or perhaps that was his natural *milieu*. Anyhow, there he is, to the honest admiration of a very large number of our fellow-citizens. *The Restless Sex* is there with him.

And now for a book which I admire unreservedly, and which I really think ought to have its appeal for readers (and critics) of every altitude or elevation of brow. *Professor Latimer's Progress* contains plenty of cheerful nonsense and great store of cheerful sense. On its whimsical surface, it is a romantic tale of the road, with all the expected accessories of that kind of yarn. In fact, it quite has its responsibilities on its mind, and from time to time produces with a smile of triumph the special attraction that is in order—the philosophic tinker, or damsel errant, or wayside ruffian called for by this sort of thing. The hero with

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equal readiness tries his hand as a movie star, a squire of dames, or a champion of the road (if nearly choking a villain to death may be said to qualify him as such). But all this pleasant folly is merely a vehicle for the main parable, which is of our own time and predicament. The traditional hero of the road is a young gentleman escaping from the dulness of polite or at least civilised life to an existence in which he may count for himself and hew his own way. For that young gentleman the war now offers a ready avenue of escape. Therefore our present hero is a stout, old, retired professor of sixty, to whom the young gentleman's door of escape is closed: to whom, in his helplessness, the war itself is the prison from which his mind must somehow get free. From the beginning he has taken it heavily to heart. How many thousands of Americans of his generation, I wonder, have been, or are, in his case?—"He had been hard to live with ever since August 1, 1914, although that was not the reason of his banishment to Sister Harriet's place up-state. He was being sent away for his own good, as far as possible from the war, which from the first day had laid hold of his soul's peace and put it on the rack. Every campaign in the three continents and on and under the seas had been fought simultaneously somewhere in Latimer. His heart was seldom out of the trenches. The war had mobilised him more completely than if it had placed a rifle in his hands and sent him to the firing line. It had not altered his habits; he was as fond as ever of rich foods, of wine on occasion, of his afternoon nap, of friendship, of loud and coloured talk, of the buoyant, intellectual, epicurean, big-city existence in which his robust being was at ease after thirty years on a college campus. But the war had shaken the foundations of his daily practice. It would sweep upon him and empty all life of its meaning. The war would descend upon him on bright summer mornings, as he was shaving or lacing his shoes. . . ." In short, he is in a bad way and must be shaken out of his mood, which is really in part a mood of egotism, by some new adventure. Theoretically he becomes an irresponsible wanderer, with his back to the war and all other unpleasant things. In reality he is on a quest of spiritual peace and mental security; and having yielded himself to that quest, all things work together to lead him gently on his way. The detail of his adventures, physical and spiritual, cannot be given here. They fail to lift him to any peak of absolute vision; but absolute vision is no longer among his desires. Somehow before the end of his whimsical holiday he has won to a quiet mind. He has lost what he calls his "exaggerated egocentrism," discovered that the destiny of the race does not really rest on his shoulders alone, and that all may yet be well with the world even if he cannot get more than a glimpse of how it is to come to pass. The richness of the book lies in the free and ardent and increasingly benignant play of the professor's intelligence and sympathy in dealing with a score of aspects of the modern world, both in peace and at war.

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IBSEN ONCE AGAIN

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

It is now a dozen years since Madame Nazimova made her first appearance in the English language, in the part of Hedda Gabler. To students who were thoroughly familiar with the play, her impersonation of this character seemed to be based upon a misconception; but it was at least well rendered, and the very novelty of a Hedda conceived as sensuous and languorous, instead of coldly and brilliantly intelligent, resulted in a great deal of unmerited praise from the reviewers. Madame Nazimova had been previously seen, in Russian, as Regina in *Ghosts*,—a part that she has not yet played in English; and her Hedda was soon followed by a rendering of Nora Helmer in *A Doll's House*. Her Nora—in contradistinction to her Hedda—was satisfactory in all respects, and established her beyond cavil as an Ibsen actress of a very high order. A year later, she played Hilda Wangel to the Master Builder of Mr. Walter Hampden, whose performance of this massive part was monumental in its rugged grandeur, and amazed all commentators on the current situation by scoring a commercial success which kept the theatre crowded week after week with a play that had previously been assumed to soar "over the heads of the public." Two years later Madame Nazimova exhibited a memorable rendering of Rita Allmers in *Little Eyolf;* and her performance of this character—particularly in the first act—touched the high-water mark of her achievement as an actress of Ibsen. Yet, since the spring of 1910, Madame Nazimova had not again revisited the glimpses of Broadway with any play of Ibsen's until she was recently persuaded by Mr. Arthur Hopkins to undertake a series of Ibsen "revivals." [The word "revival" is somewhat insulting to the greatest modern dramatist, because it suggests that his plays have been at some time dead, and have needed a miraculous resuscitation; yet, in a theatre which has falsely set a premium on novelty, it has crept into common usage in the vocabulary of comment.]

The present Ibsen season was inaugurated by Mr. Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre on the evening of March 11th, with the first performance of *The Wild Duck* that had ever been offered in the English language in New York,—though an excellent rendition of this play had been previously given in the German language in January, 1917, with that admirable actor, Herr Rudolf Christians, in the rôle of Hjalmar Ekdal. In this production, Madame Nazimova assumed, for the first time, the minor but delicate and difficult part of the little martyred Hedwig, and acquitted herself with credit. *Hedda Gabler* was resumed—with less success—on April 8th; and *A Doll's House*—the most popular of all the Ibsen plays—was triumphantly repeated on April 29th. At the very outset of the undertaking, Mr. Hopkins and Madame Nazimova had promised the public to set forth subsequent productions of *Ghosts*, *The*

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Master Builder, and [possibly] *Little Eyolf*.

These Ibsen "revivals" have been generously patronised, especially by the studious classes who frequent the cheaper seats; and *A Doll's House*—at the moment when this article is written—is crowding the Plymouth Theatre to capacity. The response of the public gives ample attestation to the fact that a decade is too long a period to banish Ibsen arbitrarily from the theatres of Broadway. Madame Nazimova's impersonations are not, by any means, of even merit. According to the judgment of the present commentator—*E pluribus unum*—her Nora is in all ways satisfactory, her Rita is exceptionally admirable, her Hedwig is cleverly adequate, her Hilda is merely passable, and her Hedda is utterly mistaken. Yet all of her performances of Ibsen—good and bad—are worth seeing many times, because—even at their poorest—they afford repeated opportunities for studying the masterpieces of the greatest modern playwright.

Why should it not be possible—as a practical, commercial proposition—for Mr. Arthur Hopkins to persuade Madame Nazimova to repeat these plays, not merely once in a decade, but every year, in the last six weeks of the waning theatre season? Each of the half dozen dramas in the Ibsen repertory of this actress could be counted on to do a good week's business, year after year. There is always a public for great plays; and each season delivers to the theatre a new "class"—as the word is used in reference to military mobilisation—which is eager for an opportunity to see so celebrated and so popular a drama as *A Doll's House*.

When *The Wild Duck* was presented by Mr. Hopkins on the evening of March 11th, it came to most of the audience as a new play, after a decade which had been strangely bare of performances of Ibsen; and the effect upon the public and the critics was remarkable. Mr. Hopkins's method of production is founded sanely on the theory that it is better to leave a play alone, to work its will on the spectator, than to attempt to decorate or to embellish or even to interpret it. His stage-direction is admirable not so much because of what he does as because of what he refuses to do. Simplification is his method, and simplicity is his excellence. In producing *The Wild Duck*, Mr. Hopkins did not allow himself to be overawed by the gigantic reputation of the author. He directed the performance with the same freshness—and, one might almost say, the same irresponsibility—that he might have shown in staging a "script" by John Doe,—a promising but quite uncelebrated playwright. As a consequence of this easy-going method, the audience was surprised to discover that Ibsen is enjoyable, and that it is possible to buy tickets for an Ibsen play because of the incentive of a wish for entertainment, instead of a desire for instruction or a solemn sense of duty.

The Wild Duck, though grim in subject-matter and truly terrible in its culminating moments, was conceived essentially as a sardonic comedy. As Mr. Edmund Gosse has justly said,—"The topsy-turvy nature of this theme made Ibsen as nearly 'rollicking' as he ever became in his life." The surprising thing, therefore, is not that the audience should laugh at Ibsen's "rollicking," but that anybody should have been

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surprised by the spontaneity of this laughter. And even more surprising was the tardy discovery of the reviewers that *The Wild Duck* is genuinely enjoyable in the theatre. Ibsen had lost much, in the appreciation of the public, from the accidental fact that his plays had been banished from our current stage for nearly a dozen years. During the passage of this decade, he had come to be regarded—to state the fact conveniently in slang—as a sort of "high-brow," instead of a sure-enough competitor for the plaudits of an avid audience with so practical a pair of playwrights as Mr. George Broadhurst and Mr. Bayard Veiller.

II

Ibsen died in 1906; and now, for the first time, he is beginning to be appreciated in this country from the disinterested point of view of sheer dramatic criticism. So long as he was still alive, his plays were studied not as plays, but under the different labels of "literature," "philosophy," or "sociology." The casual patrons of our theatre were told that they should see his dramas because of a sense of duty and not because of the incentive of enjoyment; and, in pursuance of this method, even so popular a piece as *A Doll's House* was heralded by many commentators as a sort of family funeral.

The reason for this *cul de sac*, which pocketed for many many years the popularity of Ibsen as a purveyor of entertainment, is easily apparent. Our native knowledge of Ibsen was imported overseas from England; and it was in England that the misconception of this author as a "high-brow" first originated. Ibsen was "discovered" for the English public by Mr. William Archer and Mr. Edmund Gosse; but, when these two enlightened critics endeavoured to deliver their discovery, they found themselves impeded by the mediæval institution of the British censorship of plays. Because of this impediment, the very first performance of an Ibsen play in England—that epoch-making production of *Ghosts* which was shown in 1891 by Mr. J. T. Grein before the private audience of the Independent Theatre Society—was regarded by the general public as a thing tabooed and flung beyond the pale. In consequence of this condition, the comments called forth by this first performance of a play of Ibsen's in the English language were based upon contrasted theories of ethics instead of being based on theories of dramaturgic craftsmanship.

Ibsen was criticised—in the England of the early eighteen-nineties—as a sociologist, a philosopher, a man of letters, a moralist, a propagandist,—in short, as everything except the one thing that he really was,—a practical and interesting playwright. His technique—as a professional dramatist—was not discussed, despite the repeated pleas of so appealing a dramatic critic as Mr. Archer. Instead, his commentators—*pro* and *con*—contented themselves with throwing mud or throwing roses against his subject-matter,—which is, of course, the last thing to be considered by a genuine dramatic critic in analysing any well-made play. Not what an author says, but how effectively he says it in the theatre, is the proper theme for celebration by dramatic criticism; for, in the great art of the drama, the "message" of an author is superior to comment, and nothing offers invi-

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tation to the technical interpreter but the mere efficiency displayed, or missed, in the elocution of this "message" to the public.

III

Because of the incubus of the British censorship, an impression was spread abroad, throughout the eighteen-nineties, that Ibsen should be regarded as a philosophic thinker and a man of letters, instead of being judged as a playwright ambitious to receive the plaudits of the theatre-going public. From the effect of this misconceived impression, our casual American audience is only now beginning to recover. Our local public is now learning, tardily, to see that Ibsen was a playwright, first and last and all the time.

The truth of the matter now, at last, appears to be that Ibsen was a very great artist of the theatre, and was nothing else at all. Quite obviously—in the cold light of our later learning—he cannot be accepted seriously as a man of letters. He had no literary training; and he never acquired the advantage of a literary culture. In the decade of his 'teens, he did not go to school: in the decade of his twenties, he was not even registered as a regular student in the provincial University of Christiania. His entire education was not literary but theatrical. At the age of twenty-four, he went to Bergen as the general stage-manager of a stock-company in that isolated town; and, in this capacity, he worked a dozen hours every day throughout five successive years. His annual salary amounted, in round numbers, to three hundred dollars; and his apprenticeship may be understood most quickly if we face the fact that, throughout the formative period of his youth, he exerted all his energies, at a dollar a day, to the tasks of setting forth a new play every week with a stock-company localised before the public of a little city as secluded as Schenectady, New York.

In these years of his apprenticeship, Ibsen had no time to read; and all that he could learn was acquired incidentally from his necessary business of presenting to the local Bergen public many French plays of the school of Scribe. His own first play of any prominence—*Lady Inger of Östrat*—was written in emulation of the current formula of Scribe; and this minor but inevitable incident is indicative of the important fact that Ibsen's education was derived not from the library but from the stage. Never at any time—in the midst of a perilous attempt to earn his living against agonising odds—did Ibsen ever find the leisure to become a "man of letters." In his twenties and his thirties, he read a few plays of Schiller and a few plays of Shakespeare; and, at the same period, he seems to have become more familiar than he was willing later to admit with both parts of Goethe's *Faust;* but, to the end of his days, he remained distinctly—and this fact became with him a point of pride—a playwright who knew next to nothing of the history of literature. Though most Norwegians are accustomed, as a matter of course, to study many other languages, Ibsen never acquired an easy fluency in any foreign tongue but German. Late in his life, he said to one of his Boswells that he hated all the plays of Alexander Dumas *fils*, and added the unexpected comment, —"But, of course, I have never read them." The last remark was, presumably, more candid than the first:

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for Ibsen, in his later years, was genuinely proud of the fact that he had read little except the daily newspapers. When commentators pointed out that the patterned formula of *Ghosts* recalled the technique of Euripides, he would retort irately that he had never read Euripides.

It was not until the time of the Italian tour which Ibsen undertook in the middle of his thirties that he ever actually saw any of the major works of architecture, painting, or sculpture that are existent in the world. At this belated moment, he attempted—to employ a phrase that is current in the narrowly restricted world of professional baseball—a "delayed steal" of culture; and his experience ran parallel to that of our own Nathaniel Hawthorne, who also made a pilgrimage to Italy at a time of life too long deferred. Like Hawthorne, Ibsen appreciated the wrong paintings, admired the wrong statues, and waxed enthusiastic over the wrong works of architecture. While showing the sensitised impressibility of a responsive temperament, he betrayed also the effects of an early education that had been exceedingly defective. Even in responding to the appeals of such æsthetic regions as Rome, Sorrento, and Amalfi, Ibsen remained the stage-director of a stock-company in Schenectady, instead of rising to the rarer atmosphere of a stimulated man of letters.

If Ibsen lacked culture in the realm of letters—and he frequently, when interviewed, insisted on the point that he was not well-read—it is even more obvious that he claimed no standing whatsoever as a sociologist or a philosopher. He regarded himself as a playwright, first and last and all the time,—that is to say, a craftsman whose task it was to interest the public by holding, as 't were, a mirror up to nature in the actual, commercial theatre. His teacher was Eugéne Scribe, — that exceedingly adroit technician who codified the formula of "the well-made play" ["*la pièce bien faite*"]; and the contemporary of whose exploits he was most justly jealous was Alexander Dumas *fils*,—who, like himself, attempted in his own way to improve and to perfect the formula of Scribe. Ibsen was not a philosopher; for he was ignorant of the accumulated records of philosophic literature. The author of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* is not to be regarded primarily as a poet; for he had never studied any other universally important poem except the first and second parts of Goethe's *Faust*. To sum the matter up, he should not be considered in any other light than as an honest craftsman of the theatre who endeavoured — in accordance with that downright statement of the practical Pinero—"to give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre."

Because of the distressing influence of a mediæval British censorship, Ibsen was long regarded, in the English-speaking theatre, as a sort of Doctor Munyon of the drama, lifting loftily an admonitory finger to the moralists and crying, "I'm for health!", while his opponents countered with the Puritanical assertion that his purpose and effect were merely to disseminate disease. Now at last—in consequence of the repeated efforts of Madame Nazimova and the new enthusiasm of Mr. Arthur Hopkins—the undertakings of this downright manufacturer of

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plays for the general and normal public are beginning to be appreciated at their worth, as compositions which require the disinterested admiration of all who seek "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the theatre of the world."

VIOLETS

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

THERE'S a place for violets,
By a brown stream, among the long swaying grasses;
Deep and purple and wistful and tender and gay,
Fresh as the joy of youth.
I have filled my hands with their green stems,
I have hidden my face in their coolness.
Violets, I lean to kiss you over the years.

But there's a place for violets—
They laugh and shake their beauty to the wind;
They need no aid of memories.
Where I walk the grey streets they are blue,
And snow cannot cover their fragrance.
You planted them in my heart, my friend—
I send you violets out of the love in my heart.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE promoters of the Liberty Loan have found good material for their propaganda work in the writings of Thomas Paine, author of *Common Sense*, the first book (1776) to advocate American independence, and *The Crisis*, a series of inspiriting pamphlets which followed *Common Sense* in rapid succession when the revolution of the colonies had been established. The first sentence of this quotation from *The Crisis* heads Liberty Loan posters, and the entire paragraph is used on other literature of the propaganda:

History Repeats

> These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country, but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as *freedom* should not be highly rated.

• • •

Thomas Paine is too little known in America, even among literary folk, who should pay homage to him as the very first American author. The makers of school histories have been strangely neglectful of this very important figure in the founding of this nation. Leaving the name of Thomas Paine out of the story of the United States is like ignoring Copernicus in a history of astronomy. Paine not only planned and advocated American independence at a time when freedom of the colonies was a dream yet undreamed, but by personal effort he brought about its accomplishment.

The First American Author

• • •

No pamphlet ever written sold in such vast numbers as did *Common Sense*, nor has its effect been ever paralleled in literary history. Of the first edition more than one hundred and twenty thousand were sold within a few weeks. Paine donated all the financial proceeds to the patriot cause. Six months after its publication a Declaration of Independence, comprising the principal arguments of Paine's pamphlet and a good deal of its actual phrasing, was signed by the patriots in Philadelphia. The theory has been frequently advanced that Thomas Paine actually drafted that immortal document, and several books and pamphlets have been published on this subject, but conclusive proof is lacking.

An Early "Best Seller"

• • •

In Paine's *Crisis* may be found the first use of the words "United States of America." The phrase occurs in an impassioned appeal for support of the patriot cause. "The United States of America," Paine wrote, "will sound as pompously in the world, or in history, as 'the Kingdom of Great Britain.'" In Paine's spirited writings of the American Revolutionary War period may be found some of the loftiest as well as some of the

Devoted to Patriotism

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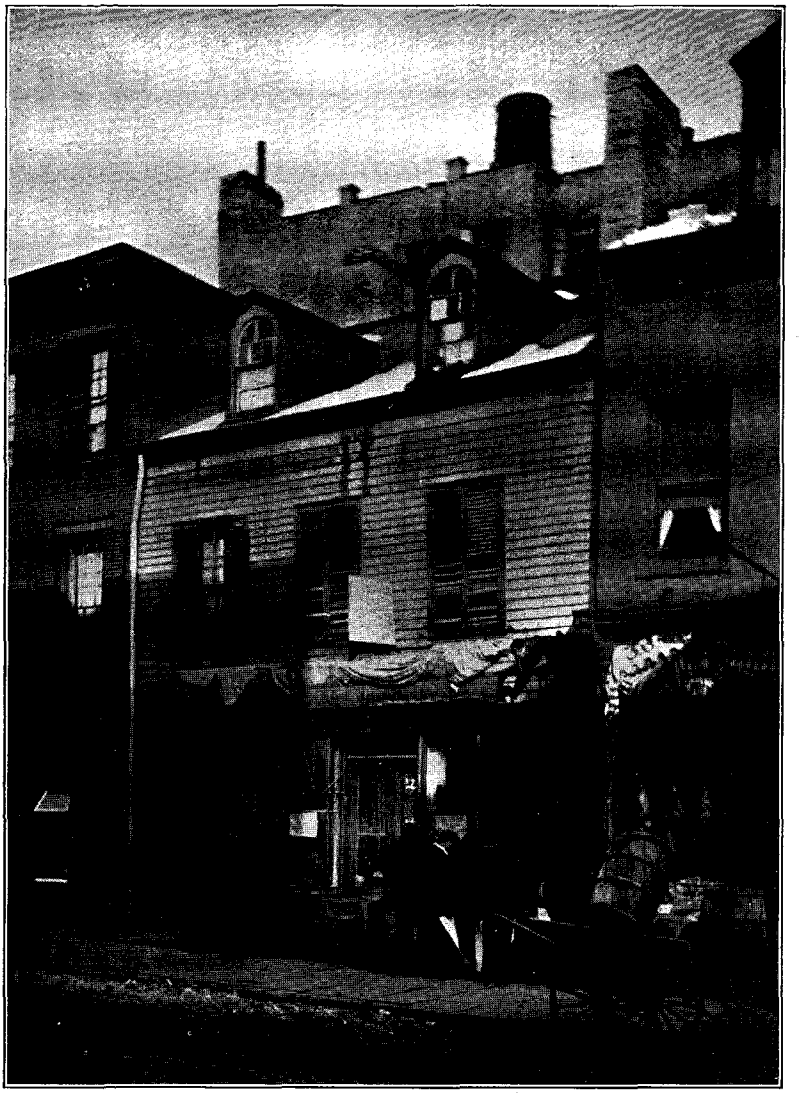

THE HOUSE WHERE THOMAS PAINE LIVED IN NEW YORK, 309 BLEECKER STREET, WEATHEN-BEATEN AND ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD, BUT STILL STANDING

most patriotic sentiments in American literature. Many of these are as pertinent to America's present struggle as when written nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. This quotation is from *The Crisis:*

It is the object only of war that makes it honourable. And if there was ever a *just* war since the world began, it is this in which America is now engaged.

Prescience might almost be attributed to the author of these words, also in *The Crisis:*

We fight not to enslave but to set a country free, and to make room upon the earth for honest men to live in.

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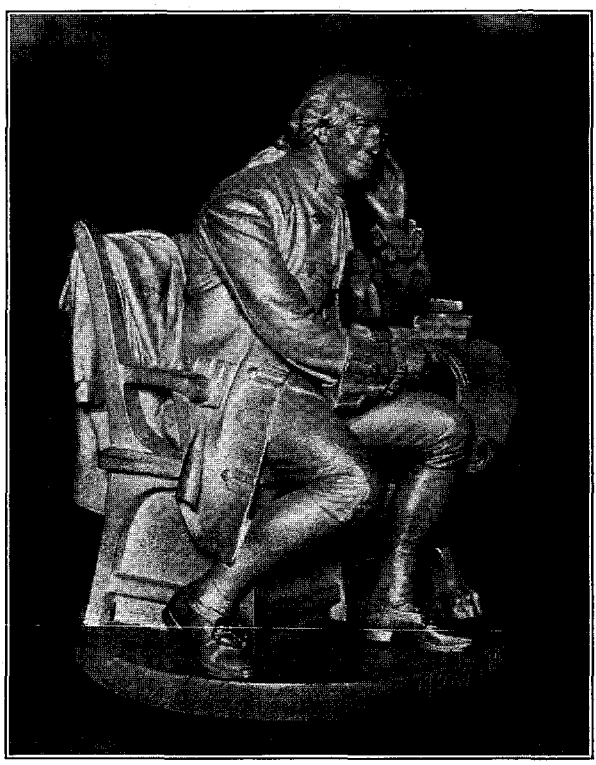

Photo by Van der Weyde, New York.

RICHARDS'S FINE STATUETTE OF THOMAS PAINE, THE FIRST AMERICAN AUTHOR, IN THE THOMAS PAINE NATIONAL MUSEUM IN THE OLD PAINE HOMESTEAD AT NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

This is from *Common Sense:*

The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind.

In the third *Crisis*, dated April 19, 1777, may be found this apt phrase:

Where is the war on which a world was staked till now?

• • •

Paine's House

The old frame house where Paine lived in Bleecker Street, New York City (No. 309), weather-beaten and almost crumbling from neglect, is still standing. It is graphically described in a chapter on Thomas Paine in Anna Alice Chapin's recent book, *Greenwich Village.* Paine died in 1809 in a little house that stood on the site of the present 59 Grove Street, just around the corner from the Bleecker Street house.

• • •

Benjamin Kidd, Author of "The Science of Power," and "Social Evolution"

Benjamin Kidd, author of *Social Evolution*, whose posthumous book, *The Science of Power*, has just been issued by the Putnams, had none of the advantages of higher education. He was essentially a self-made man. At the age of nineteen he entered the English Civil Service as a lower division clerk under the open competition scheme originated by

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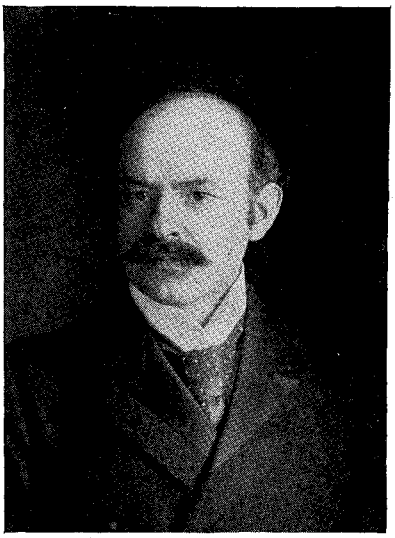
Gladstone, and secured a position in the Inland Revenue Department at Somerset House. This was in 1877, and for the first period of his life, until the appearance, in 1894, of his first book, *Social Evolution,* he remained utterly unknown to fame, and even his closest associates had no idea that he was in any way destined ever to be more than an ordinary civil servant with the ordinary interests and ambitions of a man in his position.

But from the beginning, behind outward appearances there existed a personality and a mind moved to tremendous efforts by an absorbing passion for knowledge. In his early years in London, Kidd was entirely alone and dependent on his own resources, which did not amount at first to more than about £80 per annum. His family were unable to give him any financial support. Although in after years it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be brought to allude to this period of his life, there is no doubt that he fought for knowledge at the cost of food and clothing, and that he even resorted to money-lenders in order to obtain the necessary fees to attend evening classes in science. He spent three years reading for the bar in his spare time after office hours, and gained a thorough grasp of the law, only to abandon the project finally on the realisation of the insufficiency of his means. He then read for the consular service, but this project also fell through for a different reason. The age qualifications were altered suddenly in such a way that he found himself excluded. Yet his main purpose was accomplished. He had become gradually master of a wide and varied knowledge of science, philosophy, literature and art. Above all he knew life, for his knowledge was gained not in the artificial seclusions of the universities, but amid the realities of the world. Who shall say how far this circumstance contributed to give his subsequent work that force and tone of human reality which has caused his social philosophy to exercise such an influence on



THE LATE BENJAMIN KIDD, THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS "SOCIAL EVOLUTION." HIS POSTHUMOUS BOOK, "THE SCIENCE OF POWER," HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED.

the general mind? The idealism and youth of mind which Kidd retained throughout his life is all the more remarkable when contrasted with the stifling environment of his early years and his wearing struggle in pursuit of knowledge.

• • •

Defective Brains Cause War

According to Dr. Robert T. Morris, the celebrated surgeon, the Germans in stressing Darwin's theory of the struggle for existence, have completely forgotten his other theory of mutual interdependence. Setting forth this contention in his

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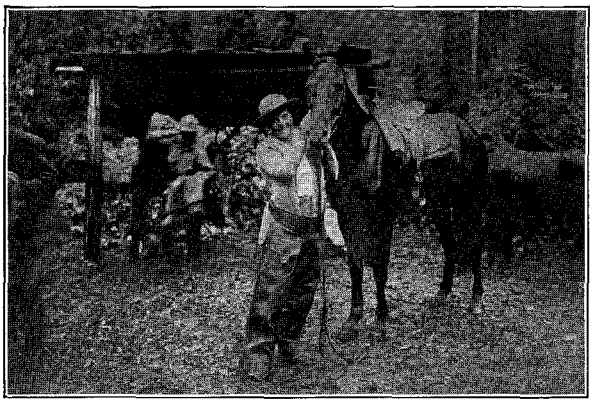

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. HER LAST BOOK IS "THE AMAZING INTERLUDE," A STORY OF THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA AT THE FRONT

new book, *The Way Out of War*, the doctor says in effect that instead of trying to cultivate the goodwill of the other nations, the Prussians are now trying to smash them, and this, carried to its logical conclusion, means that she is done for.

"Prussia," he asserts, "is protoplasmically senile. In fact, any nation that deliberately wages aggressive war is abnormal, for war is always a symptom of deficient brain development. . . . The relation of war to the species is that of a destructive process in all of its final phases. The reason for that is because it exhausts a part of the fund of vital energy which belongs by natural inheritance to the germ plasm.

"Warfare by arms will probably continue for some centuries, yet, in all probability, with ever-lengthening periods of peace. According to the laws of continuity, order in nature indicates that in the end a world state will emerge, following the already accomplished union of states in larger and larger groups since the day of small tribes and clans."

The author thinks, too, that it will not be the psychologist or the sociologist, but the jurist or the biologist who will construct the Magna Charta of peace for the nations of to-morrow.

• • •

Mrs. Rinehart's "Creed"

When Mary Roberts Rinehart and her family went through Glacier Park and across the Cascade Mountains on horseback, the party stopped one day at Kalispell in Montana. Mrs. Rinehart wore an old felt hat, much the worse for weather and fish hooks. Sitting her horse, she was surveying the hat ruefully while she purchased a new one—"a cowgirl affair," she calls it. "Suddenly," she says, "a gentleman I had never seen before, but who is green in my memory, stepped forward and presented me with his own hat band. It was of leather, and it bore this vigorous and inspiring inscription: 'Give 'er pep and let 'er buck!'" In *Tenting Tonight*, Mrs. Rinehart tells the story of the hat band, and adds: "To-day, when I am low in my mind, I take that cowgirl hat from its re-

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treat and read its inscription: 'Give 'er pep and let 'er buck!' It is a whole creed!"

• • •

The Famous Falling Virgin Caught in Passing

One of the most curious and colourful incidents of the war, and an incident which illustrates in a striking and picturesque way the incalculable historical value of the official drawings made by artists at the front, is presented in one of the pictures by Muirhead Bone, and reproduced in the publication, *The Western Front*, the collection of his work done for the British Government. Mr. Bone has made a drawing of the Albert Church tower, famous for its impending figure of the Virgin, knocked by artillery fire into a singular diving attitude; the Virgin concerning which the legend arose that when

Photo by Van der Weyde, New York.

A BUST OF VANCE THOMPSON, MADE BY SPICER-SIMON OF PARIS. NOTE THE RESULT OF WEARING THE FAMOUS MONOCLE, A CUSTOM THAT, IN SPITE OF MRS. THOMPSON, OF MAC MONNIES AND OF "JIMMIE" WHISTLER, HAS NEVER BEEN SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED INTO THIS COUNTRY. MR. THOMPSON'S ARTICLE, "STRINDBERG AND HIS PLAYS," APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE

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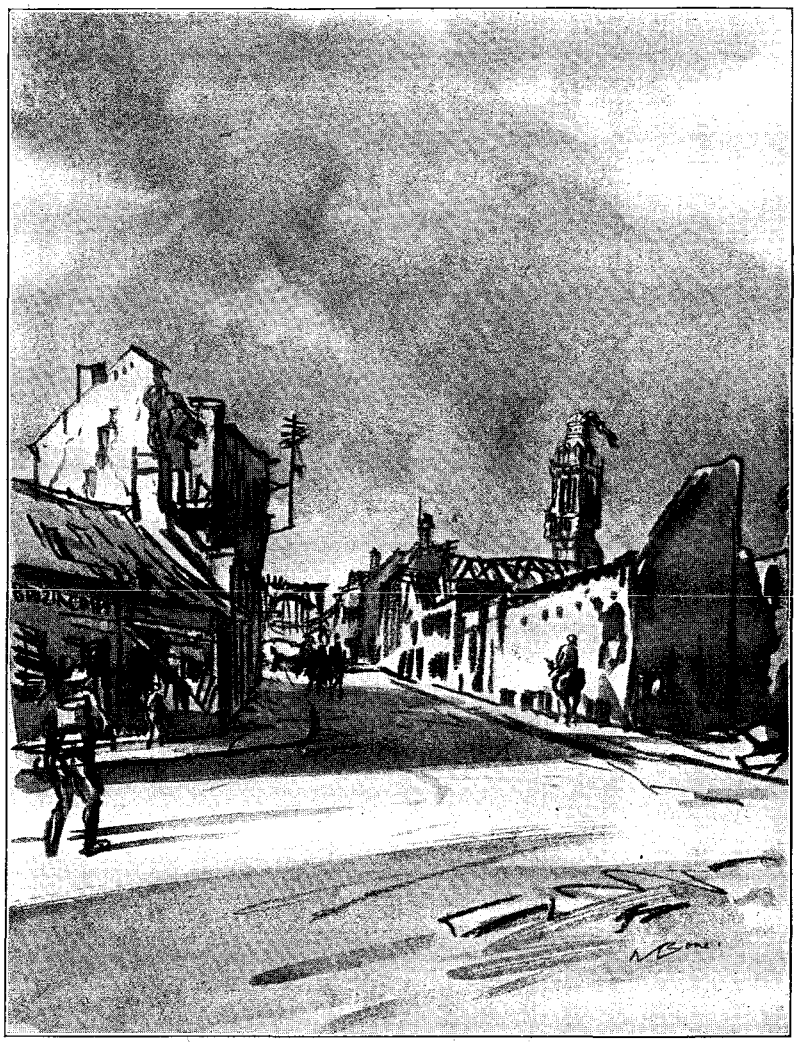

"A SKETCH IN ALBERT," BY MUIRHEAD BONE. FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT," A BOOK OF DRAWINGS DONE FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT. IN THE DISTANCE CAN BE SEEN THE FAMOUS "FALLING VIRGIN" WITH THE CHILD OUTSTRETCHED IN HER ARMS. SINCE THIS DRAWING WAS MADE THE STATUE HAS BEEN COMPLETELY SHOT AWAY

finally she fell the war would end; and which was felled by a German shell a few days ago. In the drawing the Virgin appears as she was, a strangely memorable spectacle against the sky, pitched forward with the Child in her outstretched hands. In the illustration, "A Sketch in Albert," reproduced on this page the Albert Church tower with the Falling Virgin may be seen in the distance!

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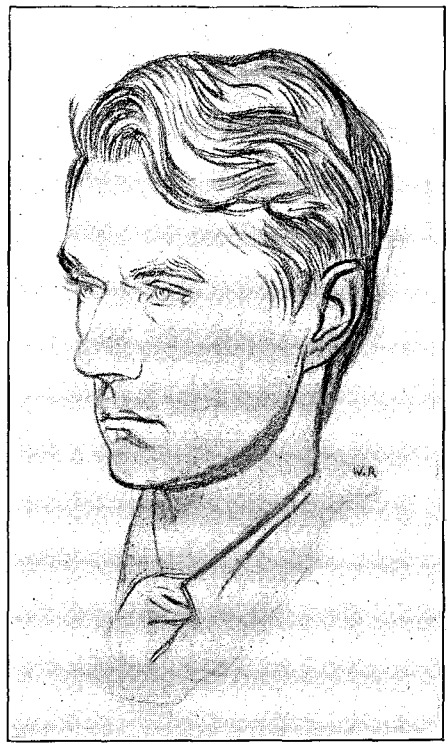
Charles Brooks, T.B.M.

There remains to be written some day the plain, ungarnished tale of the Tired Business Man. A legend hovers about his indifference to Art, Literature, Music and the Drama, especially when the last gives scant latitude to the Frills and Frolics, the Airs and Graces of Broadway. The college bred T.B.M., however, is yet another thing again. He occasionally takes us shyly into his confidence over his hobbies indoors and out, his starved tastes and enthusiasms. For is not this a commercial as well as a Freudian age? Projected into business on leaving Yale over a ripe decade ago, Charles Brooks combined success in business with a turn for phrase, an interest in Elizabethan drama that he had rashly caught at Yale. His prosaic Cleveland evenings were devoted to the business of Literature. When his first volume of essays, *Journeys to Bagdad*, appeared, his business associates were sure it revealed a nefarious pursuit on a par with watered stocks or paper assets. Another volume from the Yale Press, *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come*, placed him outside the ancient and honourable order of the T.B.M. and suspicion burgeoned into distrust. The critics began to call him a disciple of Elia, and the Cleveland T.B.M. little wot that even Lamb was a slave of desk and ledger. When they find this out they will get together and found a Lamb Club to rival the Rowfant for literary suppers. Meanwhile, having proved a successful and precocious T.B.M., the renegade Mr. Brooks retired to New York's Green-

E. E. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THERE'S PIPPINS AND CHEESE TO COME"



JOHN DRINKWATER. FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. HIS "POEMS 1908-1914" IS DISCUSSED IN MISS RITTENHOUSE'S ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

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"AND THEY LIVED HAPPY. . . ." MRS. MARY L. B. BRANCH READING ONE OF HER OWN STORIES TO SOME LITTLE GIRLS AT NORTHOVER CAMP. MRS. BRANCH'S "GULD, THE CAVERN KING," IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE BY MISS ZONA GALE

wich Village to write more essays. At Christmas both his books sold well in Cleveland. The Cleveland T.B.M. read them to see if there were any trade secrets given away, any sly portraits of their ancient order. When the war came to New York and Cleveland, Charles Brooks, Business Man, went to the Shipping Bureau at Washington. But the Yale Press is getting ready to issue another volume by Charles Brooks, Essayist.

* * *

A Picturesque Trio

Mrs. Mary L. B. Branch (whose *Guld, the Cavern King* is reviewed in this issue by Miss Zona Gale) is the mother of the poet, Anna Hempstead Branch. They live in an old house in New London, Connecticut, a house

A CORNER OF THE "KEEPING ROOM" AT HEMPSTEAD HOUSE, THE HOME IN NEW LONDON OF MRS. MARY L. B. BRANCH AND HER DAUGHTER, ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH, THE POET

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which was built by someone in their family before the Revolution—a log house, into whose walls a cannon ball was shot during the Revolution, picked out, laid on the parlour floor, and has rolled about there ever since. The room across the hall, with old guns and a sword still resting on the beams, has always been called the "keeping room." The house is heated only by great fireplaces and lighted by candles. And its attic is a place of spinning wheels and chests and drying herbs—which New London uses for post-cards. Miss Branch's contribution to *The Masque of Poets*, which appeared in the December BOOKMAN with the title *The Name*, was called by the Boston *Transcript* "the best poem of the year."

• • •

"German Offensive not Alarming": Major Ian Hay Beith

The author of *The First Hundred Thousand* and *All In It* says of the present German drive: "I think the situation is pretty good on the whole. The main point is that, although it is naturally a time of great anxiety for us, it is ten times worse for the enemy. If this drive fails, it means disaster for him. It is not a question of disaster for us. The enemy does not actually outnumber us. The fact that he seems to, that he does in the actual fighting, means that we are holding out reserves for future action. The French are doing the same. As for Ypres, I think the British will voluntarily flatten out the Ypres line. It will not be a loss. It will be good strategy. For three years we have held the Ypres salient as a sentimental corner of Belgium and for no other reason. Its straightening has been suggested as a means of economising troops, and if we need those troops elsewhere the flattening of the whole line would be a distinct advantage. . . . The really important thing, though, is that American soldiers should get into the fighting now. One American soldier now is worth three eighteen months hence." Major Beith's new book, *The New America at War*, will shortly be published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

• • •

Movies from the Front

Donald Thompson, the author of *Donald Thompson in Russia*, has been on every fighting front in Europe since the war started; he has been in the midst of thirty or forty battles, great or small, has been wounded three times, and has been arrested so often that he has lost count. He has worked his camera with bodies falling around him and upsetting his machine. He has made during the war and sent back to the United States one hundred and fifteen thousand feet of moving-picture film and has snapped more than seven thousand kodak pictures. Thompson, who is a Kansan by birth, is still under thirty. He is at present in America, where, in addition to preparing his book of Russian experiences, he has sold his moving-picture films to one of the great companies for an almost fabulous sum. He plans to get back to the Western Front as soon as possible.

• • •

A Barbusse Poem

With all the interest in that greatest of war books, *Under Fire*, the following translation of an early poem by the author, Henri Barbusse, is particularly interesting.

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This poem, *The Letter*, appeared originally in *Les Annales* some eight or nine years ago and shows the author in quite a different light from his *Under Fire*. The translation into English verse was made by Mr. Willard M. Smith as follows:

THE LETTER

By Henri Barbusse

Translated by Willard M. Smith.

I am writing a letter;
The lamp bends an ear,
And the clock beats the time
With a stroke soft, but clear.
My eyes are fast closing,
I shall dream of you, dear.

A fever runs through me,
The light lower slips;
I hear but your voice,
Your name smiles on my lips;
My fingers are full
Of your touch in their tips.

I feel a soft languor;
Your heart's in me, too.
Half dreaming I waiver
'Twixt the false and the true.
Is it I, who am dreaming,
Or, is it not—YOU?

• • •

The Story of the Tank

The "tanks" of the British army made their sensational appearance on a September morning in 1916 on the Somme, when they crawled up a hill, impervious to the German machine gun fire, and calmly sat down on the machine guns which had worked such havoc. The world was amazed. Captain Richard Haig, the Commander of the British tank *Britannia*, which is now touring the country, has written a story called *Life in a Tank*, which has been recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Many war books have mentioned the performances of the tanks, but this is the first book which tells in detail about life with one of "His Majesty's Landships," as they are officially called, and the first book to be written by a tank commander. The author entered Sandhurst in 1914, having already chosen the army as his profession, but the war cut short his training and early in 1915 he went to the front with an infantry regiment, the Royal Berkshires. He fought with them until he was wounded at Loos. After his recovery he joined his regiment and was again wounded at the Somme, where he was recommended for, and later received, the Military Cross. Shortly after his second convalescence he joined the Heavy Branch Machine Gun Corps, which later came to be known as the "Tank Corps." He was a tank commander and went into action with his tank at Arras and at Ypres. Last winter he was recalled, and sent to this country with the tank, and he is now touring the country in the interests of the British Recruiting Mission.

• • •

Through War to Peace

"There is a growing sentiment in this country," writes Prof. Albert G. Keller in the introduction to his new book, *Through War to Peace*, "that what Germany has come to stand for is utterly irreconcilable with all those acquisitions of human society—freedom, democracy, Christianity—which we most prize; that it represents a grave menace to them all. This sentiment, with its attendant foreboding, I believe to be substantially correct, so that it will bear examination in the light of reason

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and science. I think it can be shown that the German code of international behaviour constitutes a direct and grave challenge to the essentials of civilisation; that it is a reversion toward an earlier and cruder phase of societal development—and that it must be extirpated if civilisation is to go forward on its normal course."

This extract indicates Professor Keller's point of view. He looks at the war from the sociological standpoint, developing what he terms the societal theory. This theory, briefly, is that society expands by developing certain customs, manners or folk ways which ultimately become a code. There has been growing up of recent years an international code, which has determined the progress of civilisation. The Germans have marked a variation from this code, and have been building up one of their own, sharply opposed to that of the other nations. This makes the present war the inevitable conflict between the code of civilisation and the German variant.

THE OTHER

BY CHARLES E. GIBSON

You might have made, upon the fabric of his life,
So dull and grey,
An ornamental, fair, embroidery,
A pattern appliqué.

But She is woven in its very warp and woof
And only shows,
When, from its texture, under some revealing light,
A fleeting radiance glows.

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LATEST BOOKS OF ENGLISH POETS*

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

If one had never heard that William H. Davies had been a "Supertramp" he would know from the reading of his poems that he was a man who had in some way burst the gyves and come a little nearer to the native simplicities of life than most of us come. The innocence of Blake and the brooding of Wordsworth meet in his songs, the child and the seer become one. But though one constantly sees Blake looking over his shoulder, there is a fundamental, if subtle, difference in the work of the two. Blake's eyes were much oftener fixed upon angels than upon human beings, and the exceeding clarity of his vision has always about it something of the mystic and miraculous, whereas Davies has won to clear seeing and to the utmost transparency of words by deep knowledge of life and of nature. To be sure, he fled life; but he knew it, knew it and suffered it to the full and nature became to him an almost imperative refuge from the misery about him. His sympathy was too keen, he was not sufficiently insulated by self-interest to ignore the pain of the world, pain which was quick in him from experience as well as contact.

While Davies spent a part of his youth in America, one never associates him with this country. He used it chiefly as a point of departure. He was always sailing to England and Scotland, working his way on ships, and who can forget the record of those voyages, particularly the time he shipped from Baltimore to Glasgow with eighteen hundred sheep:

The first night we were out at sea
  Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
The second night they cried with fear—
  They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
  They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
  I would not sail again with sheep.

The tenderness of Davies for all the dumb creatures is unsurpassed in modern poetry. It is Blake's attitude, religious at heart, but made more tender and familiar by years of intimacy with the life of the fields and hedges.

The wren knows well
  I rob no nest;
When I look in,
  She still will rest.

The hedge stops cows,
  Or they would come
After my voice
  Right to my home.

The horse can tell,
  Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
  Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
  All things love me!
Horse, cow, and mouse,
  Bird, moth and bee.

Mr. Davies almost as constantly invites comparison with Wordsworth

*Collected Poems of W. H. Davies. New York: Alfred Knopf.

Poems 1908-1914. By John Drinkwater. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Georgian Poetry, 1916-1917. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

Ardours and Endurances. By Robert Nichols. New York: Frederick A Stokes Company.

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as with Blake, but here, too, the essential difference is no less marked. He has Wordsworth's purity and simplicity but not the august quality which was quite as native to the older singer. He is wholly the lyrist and two-thirds the child, never getting over the wonder of all that he sees. This is the secret of his charm, for charm he has to a degree not often matched in contemporary poetry. Something more than charm, too, is in these songs that hold the first freshness of joy, the almost mystic transport of nature. *The Rain* will serve as well as another to illustrate this:

I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

Ecstasy of the sort that one feels in all of the nature poems of Davies is not essentially different from that which a mystic must feel in his moments of illumination, and is, indeed, a healthier thing. One arrives at God through withdrawal, through intense, self-centred contemplation, the other through beauty, through wonder, through finding God's handiwork good. No one can read the work of W. H. Davies without having his sense of beauty quickened and his reverence enhanced, and what priest or devotee could do more for him than this? When one reads these songs in the midst of war and world upheaval, they seem to belong to some innocent, forgotten period. Could this song, for example, have been written since August, 1914?

Sweet chance, that led my steps abroad,
Beyond the town, where wild flowers grow—
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord
How rich and great the times are now!
Know, all ye sheep
And cows, that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain—
A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again;
May never come
This side the tomb.

While these are the characteristic moods of W. H. Davies, one would know him but imperfectly who had not read certain of his London poems, such as *The Heap of Rags*, *The Lodging House Fire*, or *The Sleepers*. Here the hopeless misery of life among the very poor is so poignantly expressed that it haunts one. Where, in the work of Wilfrid Gibson, who has devoted himself until recently almost exclusively to depicting the same phase of life, does one find a picture that stays in the mind like that in the last stanzas of *The Sleepers?*

As I walked down the waterside
This morning, in the cold, damp air,
I saw a hundred men and women
Huddled in rags and sleeping there:
These people have no work, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,
A lighted car came at a bound;
I looked inside and saw a score
Of pale and weary men that frowned;
Each man sat in a huddled heap,
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside,
Like lighted coffins in the dark;
With twenty dead men in each car
That must be brought alive by work:
These people work too hard, thought I,
And long before their time they die.

The war has temporarily changed

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all this in London and other large cities, the labourer is king; but the war will sometime end and then Society has this age-old problem before it.

POEMS, BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Two books could scarcely be more dissimilar than the poems of W. H. Davies and those of John Drinkwater. The magnetic personality that quickens one's mood the moment he opens the volume of Davies, is lacking in that of Drinkwater. One's first feeling about the book is that it lacks vibration, that it is static. This feeling does not wear away but it is modified somewhat by longer familiarity with the poems. In this book, Mr. Drinkwater has brought together the best of his work done between 1908 and 1914. It is a selection from several books published during that interval, a clearing of the decks for further action, for Mr. Drinkwater's best work is still before him. To this conclusion I am impelled by the fact that his most recent lyrics are his best, indeed the selections from his work included in the last issue of *Georgian Poetry* are much more fresh and delightful than the majority of those in his collected volume.

If, however, the book lacks somewhat in magnetic charm, it has the fine feeling and the ideality without which charm were an empty thing. It is set to a high mood throughout and the best English traditions have helped to shape it. One would know that Mr. Drinkwater was English, even if the English landscape did not appear as the background of the poems. Their feeling is altogether English, racial in the deepest sense. There is little of modernity as it manifests itself here, little of the social passion, none of the influence of the revolutionary verse. Mr. Drinkwater's poems will not please the ultra modern, but they are true to the standards which he has set for himself and they have their own beauty, though it is often reminiscent of yesterday. *The Soldier* is one of the most direct utterances in the book and pertinent to the present time, though by antithesis:

The large report of fame I lack,
  And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
  Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battle-field has known no dawn
  Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
  To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing
  Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
  Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
  As peril heavy peril kissed—
My weapon was a little faith,
  And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
  But many days of bitter strife,
Till God of His great pity laid
  Across my brow the leaves of life.

GEORGIAN POETRY 1916-17

Mr. Drinkwater is, as I have said, represented with several selections in the new book of *Georgian Poetry*, covering the past two years, and the very quality that is lacking in the volume which he has gleaned from his earlier work, a native, spontaneous charm, is present in the later poems, for example, in this picture of *The Cotswold Farmers*, reaping their ghostly fields:

Sometimes the ghosts forgotten go
  Along the hill-top way,
And with long scythes of silver mow

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Meadows of moonlit hay,
Until the cocks of Cotswold crow
The coming of the day.

There's Tony Turkletob who died
When he could drink no more,
And Uncle Heritage, the pride
Of eighteen-twenty-four,
And Ebenezer Barleytide,
And others half a score.

They fold in phantom pens, and plough
Furrows without a share,
And one will milk a faery cow,
And one will stare and stare,
And whistle ghostly tunes that now
Are not sung anywhere.

The moon goes down on Oakridge Lea,
The other world's astir,
The Cotswold farmers silently
Go back to sepulchre,
The sleeping watch dogs wake, and see
No ghostly harvester.

Perhaps no poets love their land as do the English poets, and surely none have a more beautiful land to love. To draw one's heritage from the Cotswold country is in itself almost a patent of poetry, so might it inspire one to celebrate the intimate beauty of those midland hills. With a British poet, love of nature is love of England, love of the home land, and no poets are so consistently true to their country, so deeply, indissolubly linked with it as are the English. Every shire has inspired beautiful verse, every locality has its association with some singer and takes on a romantic interest from his work. One never opens the book of an English poet without feeling this love of the very soil that bred him, and *Georgian Poetry* having the work of eighteen poets, makes this impression accumulative.

It is the third of the biennial anthologies brought out by Harold Monroe of the Poetry Bookshop in London, and taken in connection with the former ones, affords an excellent opportunity to follow the general trend of English lyric poetry, to get a collective impression of it and to note its characteristics as distinguished from our own. The entire absence of *vers libre*, during the period when it was most in evidence here, the entire absence, indeed, of any revolutionary tendency in form—stands out as the most striking contrast with the work of American poets. Not less striking is the fact that Mr. Monroe continues to bring out the volume without including the work of any woman. In America this would not be possible, the book would be so manifestly unrepresentative and misrepresentative that the public would not accept it as authoritative. In this country women are doing work in poetry of such a quality that it not only equals but in many cases surpasses the work of men. This is not true, however, at the present time of any other country but America. There are isolated exceptions in all countries, but the representative work is being done by men.

This does not, however, excuse an anthologist from presenting the best that women are doing in his country, particularly when giving a biennial summary that is intended to follow the course of English lyric poetry.

Another observation that forces itself upon one in looking over the successive volumes of *Georgian Poetry* is the lack of freshness of theme in the work of the British poets. If it were not for the war, which introduces a new element, the present volume might quite as well have been written a hundred years ago. True, all the great themes are eternal, and when they are presented as Masefield presents them in his sonnets to Beauty, of which several of

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the best are given here, they are independent of time; but when, in the twentieth century, with the world shaping anew before our eyes, the poets of a country, according to Mr. Monroe's representation, write chiefly of nature, there seems a strange anachronism in it all. The work seems to belong to another period. The monotony of the anthology, despite its salient poems and the admirable war verse of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols and Robert Graves—may well be due to an editorial bias for a certain style, but this would seem to be disproved by the utter unconventionality of the selections from his own work that Mr. Monroe has included. True, they are of nature, but nature alive, and the *Week End* group of sonnets set one tingling for the great green world where "The fresh air moves like water round a boat." Mr. Monroe has a rare faculty of communicating a mood and of giving to his work the effect of improvisation. For quotation, the sonnets need the sequence, so here, instead, are two brief poems which originally appeared in that exotic but fascinating book, *Strange Meetings*, as did all the selections from Mr. Monroe which are included in the anthology:

If suddenly a clod of earth should rise,
And walk about, and breathe, and speak, and love,
How one would tremble, and in what surprise
Gasp: "Can *you* move?"

I see men walking, and I always feel:
"Earth! How have you done this? What can you be?"
I can't learn how to know men, or conceal
How strange they are to me.

A flower is looking through the ground,
Blinking at the April weather;
Now a child has seen the flower:
Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower will speak
And will call the child its brother—
But, oh strange forgetfulness!
They don't recognise each other.

Several of the poets in former collections of *Georgian Poetry* are dead, notably Rupert Brooke and James Elroy Flecker, and several others have been omitted from the present collection in order to make way for new comers, of whom there are nine in this issue. The anthology opens with the work of W. J. Turner, who has not previously appeared. His work is marked by great precision, almost as if carved or chiselled. It has the quality of beautiful sculpture, particularly the poem of the Greek shepherd, sitting on a rock, watching his sheep when death comes to him from an aeroplane in the blue Attic sky. Nevertheless a little of this precision goes a long way and the group by Mr. Turner is saved from monotony only by the first poem which delightfully recaptures a mood of childhood. We can all remember when we were hypnotised by the mere sound of names which meant to us the mystery of the great, far-off world. Part of the poem must suffice to show its charm:

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother, too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And far-off boys at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

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I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatapetl
The dusty street did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away.

In the group by Walter de la Mare is an exquisite poem, *Remonstrance;* in the group by John Freeman, otherwise purely conventional, is a very human poem, *Happy is England Now,* and there are characteristic things from Davies, Hodgson and Stephens, but by far the most vital work in the anthology is the war poetry of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols and Robert Graves. There is an excellent representation of Sassoon, one of the vivid personalities of the war and one of the finest poets whose work the war has brought forward. I reviewed his work briefly in my article on *Poets Militant*, but brief quotations give little idea of his verse as a whole. Sassoon is from India and there is an interesting mixture of the Orient and Occident in his work. He is a close friend of both Robert Nichols and Robert Graves, and it is pleasant to see the work of the three printed together, since they have poems to one another in their respective books on the war. The work of Robert Graves, son of Alfred Percival Graves, the Irish scholar, is boyish but full of character and of a fresh, direct, exuberant mood that is infectious. It gives high promise, while not yet of the maturity of that of his friends. But any utterance on the war by one who has lived it is significant, for this war, which is running like a flame through stubble and burning away all that is effete, which is compelling new valuations and changing the whole aspect of life, is expressing itself through the souls of young poets more vitally than through any other medium. One sees a thousand marching men in khaki; they look alike, the uniform has robbed them of outward individuality; their faces are set to the task; even in expression there is a certain uniformity which comes of a common will focussed to one end. Seeing this mass of men, this collective soul, one finds himself wondering what is in the mind of each; what that emotion must be that can transcend love and ambition and fame and even life itself. When one sees the thousand men multiplying to millions, all with the soldier's silence, they seem withdrawn, like men already detached from life—and then comes the poet and speaks for them! The collective soul has found its voice, all speak through the one, all become articulate.

ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES, BY ROBERT NICHOLS

Of all the books through which the soldier has spoken in this war, *Ardours and Endurances*, by Robert Nichols, is the highest and finest utterance. It is splendour and flame from beginning to end, the spirit seeming to have won clear from all the suffering and horror that war entails upon the body. As one reads the book he is in a perpetual state of wonder that human life can so transcend itself, that youth, to which mere physical life is an ecstasy and a passion, can so forget and forego all that had previously filled its existence. Nor is it that Robert Nichols is by nature an ascetic nor one who could detach himself from life more readily because he did not

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love it. His pre-war verse is Keats-like in its love of beauty and keen with the passion of life. Only one who could feel the beauty of life so keenly could be blown to such a flame by the spiritual need to relinquish it. He is altogether the poet, and yet many others surpass him in technique, it is much more the spirit than the letter of his work that makes him what he is. The poet feels more keenly than his fellows, the poet has a vision beyond them, and it is in these essentials of poetry that Robert Nichols is most significant; in these and in a directness and sincerity almost painful to the reader since they admit him so closely to a soul forging its armor in the imminence of death.

The poems are grouped, and were probably written, in an order that makes a continuous unfoldment of battle experience. Under *Approach* we have a succession of events intimating the increasing nearness of the battle, as this *Halt by the Roadside*, where the first sound of the guns is heard:

In my tired, helpless body
I feel my sunk heart ache;
But suddenly, loudly,
The far, the great guns shake!

Is it sudden terror
Burdens my heart? My hand
Flies to my head. I listen . . .
And do not understand.

Is death so near, then?
From this blaze of light
Do I plunge suddenly
Into Vortex? Night?

Guns again! the quiet
Shakes at the vengeful voice . . .
It is terrible pleasure.
I do not fear: I rejoice.

This is not the rejoicing, however, that comes of mere lust of conflict, not a word of that sort is in the book. It is the rejoicing of one who will test himself in the supreme crisis, who will endure the breath of war,

For by that mighty winnowing
Being is blown clean.

Arrived at the battle line, we have another sequence of experiences coming to a climax in *The Assault*, one of the most graphic and dramatic pictures of the charge that we have had in war poetry. Robert Service has several poems which depict the same thing, but with the vast difference that he relates what he has observed or heard from others, he is not himself in the active fighting line; but on the Red Cross; whereas in Robert Nichols's poem we have not only the spectacle of the assault but the revelation of what it means to a young soldier to await the moment when he will scramble up the parapet and rush head down into the storm that greets him. *The Assault* is too long to quote, but certain passages will show the inner spirit of it:

My heart burns hot, whiter and whiter,
Contracts tighter and tighter,
Until I stifle with the will
Long forged, now used
(Though utterly strained)
O pounding heart,
Baffled, confused,
Heart panged, head singing, dizzily pained—
To do my part.

Blindness a moment. Sick.
There the men are!
Bayonets ready: click!
Time goes quick;
A stumbled prayer . . . a blazing star
In the blue night . . . where?
Again prayer.
The tongue trips. Start:
How's time? Soon now. Two minutes or less.

* * * *

The great guns rise:
Their fury seems to burst the earth and skies!

They lift.

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Gather, heart, all thoughts that drift;
Be steel, soul,
Compress thyself
Into a round, bright whole.
I cannot speak.

Time! Time!

These passages give none of the action of the assault, but merely the psychology of it. There is not space to give the charge as the poem goes on to picture it, but it is admirably done and proves Robert Nichols to be a master of nervous, direct, dramatic speech.

The remainder of the war section of the book is devoted to some exquisite lyrics to his fallen friends, poems that stir the tenderness and pity that one must always feel when such lives as these go out. One of Mr. Nichols's best known poems, *Fulfillment*, a poem which has found its way into most of the war collections, is an impassioned tribute to the soldier and to the comrade love that "passes the love of woman." The highest and most beautiful association of men in arms is celebrated in these poems and one cannot but weep at the tributes to the ardent young friends who have, one after another, gone on to shining ranks elsewhere:

Oh, youth to come shall drink air warm and bright
Shall hear the bird cry in the sunny wood,
All *my* Young England fell to-day in fight:
That bird, that wood, was ransomed by our blood!

I pray you when the drums roll let your mood
Be worthy of our deaths and your delight.

In individual poems other poets of the war may have done finer things. There is, perhaps, no poem in *Ardours and Endurances* that will live as long as Rupert Brooke's sonnet, *The Soldier*, or Alan Seegar's *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, but these were isolated poems and neither Brooke nor Seegar lived long enough to give us any body of poems interpreting the war, whereas in the work of Nichols we have nearly every phase expressed and expressed with such direct emotion that one does not stop to think whether any one poem stands out with finality as a piece of art. All are vital and moving and many of them are beautiful. It is, in short, a book to reveal the finer spirit of the war and to make us grateful that such dedicated young poets are helping to lift it above its physical horrors.

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SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

SPANISH AMERICAN LETTERS*

A VERY important volume, dealing with the activities of North American scholarship in the field of Spanish history and letters, is M. Romera Navarro's *El Hispanismo en Norte America*, published by the press of the Renacimiento in Madrid, Spain. The author has spent some years in the Romance Department of the University of Pennsylvania and has given undivided attention to all that pertains to this subject, which, as he proves, is a large one, constantly increasing on different sides.

Beginning with Washington Irving, Mr. Navarro traces the story of North American scholarship through Prescott, Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell, giving an extensive consideration to the Hispanic efforts of each in turn. He then goes on to a discussion of the great work accomplished by the Hispanic Society of America, including the scholarly labours of Archer M. Huntington and his *Poem of the Cid;* of Dr. Hugo Rennert and his monumental *Life of Lope de Vega;* of Professor John Driscoll Fitz-Gerald and his researches on *Gonzalo de Berceo;* of Charles Upson Clarke and his *Collectanea Hispanica;* of Jeremiah D. M. Ford and his *Spanish Anthology;* of Thomas Walsh and his version of *Fray Luis de León.*

*El Hispanismo en Norte America. By M. Romera Navarro. Madrid: 1918.
Rinconete and Cortadillo. By Miguel de Cervantes. Translated by Mariano J. Lorente. Boston: Four Seas Company. 1918.
Martin Rivas. From the Spanish of Alberto Blest-Gana. By Mrs. Charles Witham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1918.

He also discusses Professor Schevill's *Ovid and the Spanish Renaissance*, and Professor Chandler's book on the *Picaresque Novel*, and gives such detailed notice to the numerous translators and editors of the Spanish masterpieces, that, with regret and surprise, we note the omission of the name of Mrs. Mary Serrano, to whom we owe our versions of so many of the romance writers of Spain. Mr. Romera Navarro is a student, and his book is redolent of study: he is an ardent Spaniard and has all the care we would expect for his national honour, as well as full appreciation for those who have laboured in behalf of his country's reputation. His work reveals marked critical capacity, and will long fill a notable place in our libraries as a record of our love and labour in the cause of Spain.

If one does not have, originally, enough reasons for rejoicing in a new English rendering of Cervantes's little masterpiece, *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, the translator and editor, Mr. Mariano J. Lorente, will provide them in his Introduction. For he discusses the previous translators and commentators of Cervantes with a practical sense that reveals the true Spanish acumen of criticism, as well as some of its pitilessness. He explodes the pretensions of the translations of W. K. Kelly, which are attacked by Dr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, and he is even more severe with the complete novels as rendered by Norman MacColl, who has been unreservedly approved by the same Glasgow professor. He proves Mr. MacColl's imperfect knowledge of Spanish, his superficial acquaintance with

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Cervantes and his Spain, and his very poor performances in English grammar and style; he shows this by irrefutable examples.

Rinconete and Cortadillo is one of the Exemplary Novels of the author of *Don Quixote,* and their composition has the additional interest of having been identical in time with that of the creation of Cervantes's masterpiece. As Mr. Lorente says: "In *Rinconete and Cortadillo* Cervantes portrays a brotherhood of Sevillian thieves, and although the members of the gang are all steeped in vice, so masterful and delicate are the strokes of his pen, that the characters, so far from being repulsive, become highly attractive. Yet they are perfectly true to life." *Rinconete and Cortadillo* is, indeed, one of the very foundation stones of literary realism. Translated into excellent English by a Spaniard, the critical questions involved are, one feels sure, nearer their complete solution than ever before.

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has added to his Borzoi Series of Spanish Translations the masterpiece of Alberto Blest-Gana, the story of life in Santiago de Chile, entitled from the name of its hero—*Martin Rivas.*

The author, Alberto Blest-Gana, is certainly a realist of unusual art; he has chosen a charming, plausible love story, which, as in all Spanish and Spanish-American life, forms the very real background in the career of this poor country student come up into the proud new rich little city of Santiago. This touch of romance is so pronounced as almost to seem a dereliction from the realist's creed, until one remembers the class of society with which Blest-Gana is dealing. One feels sure, also, that there are very few pictures in South American literature that can compare in verisimilitude with these scenes in the house of Doña Bernarda and her daughters. *Martin Rivas* is a sample of South American literature that inspires the highest hopes in all that are interested in the development of the arts and letters of our southern neighbour. It also gives good ground for Coester's remark in his *Literary History of Spanish America* that Blest-Gana "is the greatest of Chilean writers of fiction and, in the opinion of Chileans, the greatest of American novelists."

Thomas Walsh.

II

ARTHUR TRAIN'S "THE EARTHQUAKE"*

This is a remarkable book.

In one aspect it might be described as bearing a resemblance to *Mr. Britling Sees It Through;* but to this remark one must hasten to add that the comparison applies only to the general character of the book, as written of, and for, the amazing times in which we are living. For, as readers of his previous writings do not need to be told, Mr. Arthur Train, like Mr. H. G. Wells, has his own style and his own distinction. And it may be safely predicted that *The Earthquake* will bring fresh laurels to the author thereof.

But the fact that the book is written for a definite purpose, and conveys a message of importance and urgency, imposes a special responsibility upon the reviewer, for the obvious reason that there are many people who are not attracted by a work which is written with an object "apart from the story"; and thus even commendation on the part

*The Earthquake. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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of a reviewer may, in certain conditions, act as a deterrent. Be it therefore declared at once and decidedly that *The Earthquake* is a book which "on its merits" will well repay perusal by all who appreciate good literary work *per se*.

It is recorded that on the appearance of one of the novels (namely: *Emma*) by Jane Austen—that winsome artist, who did not fully receive her place in the kingdom of literature until after she had passed from the earthly scene—it was remarked by not a few that there was not much plot, or at any rate, none of the exciting sort, in the story; but the best judges did not regard this as a drawback; and Mr. Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review* (and he was no chicken), gave his opinion tersely, by declaring that the novel kept him up for three nights. Mr. Train's new book is not a novel; but in it likewise the interest is sustained throughout. And the attraction includes that excellent quality, the power of description, in simple language, and with accuracy (most essential) as well as picturesqueness.

A good example of this feature occurs early in the story. The supposed narrator, John Stanton (for the autobiographical method is adopted), has been ordered to resort to "rest travel" to avert the results of overstrain in business. And accordingly we find him enjoying the lotus-eating life in the Sandwich Islands. The weekly steamboat, with newspapers and possible mails, is entering the cove. Mr. Stanton, who is fishing from a small skiff, is rowed toward the steamer.

Then follow a few descriptive touches which almost make us hear the growl of the propeller and the thud of the screw-blades on the previously placid surface of the lagoon, lashing it into uneasy foam.

The steamboat has brought a letter from Jack (Stanton, Jr.), who is at college, but announces that "Most of the fellows are going to Plattsburg, so I thought you wouldn't mind if I went along, too." Jack quickly proves to be a splendid young fellow, and—*Laus Deo*—his is no fancy picture, but a life portrait of thousands of young Americans who are at this moment bringing glory to their country and strength to the Great Cause.

The letter from Jack causes the other members of the Stanton family to return promptly home to New York, and without delay the transformation brought about by the war is inaugurated in the Stanton home. And here we are introduced to a charming personality, Mrs. Stanton, all the more attractive because thoroughly human; and indeed Mr. Stanton, a most devoted husband, frankly admits that during the comparatively luxurious years preceding the war, his wife, Helen, had become too easy-going. But it soon transpired that her sterling qualities were only dormant, and with the emergency they came into full play; and, to quote her husband's words, "it was then that Helen showed the rare and penetrating quality of mind which had compelled my admiration so often in her earlier years, and which latterly had seemed to be dormant."

This admiration was now evoked by the practical manner in which Mrs. Stanton applied and adapted herself to a completely new style of living, including, as a commencement, the giving up of her motor car.

In order to complete our allusion to this fine type of American woman-

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hood, a quotation may be permissible. Some little time after the period already mentioned, Mr. Stanton, one night, in the small hours, becomes conscious of the ringing of a distant telephone bell. At first he endeavours to ignore it, as not concerning him, but suddenly he realises that it is his own telephone bell that is ringing, on the ground floor. Instantly it flashes upon him with the speed of an arrow that the call may relate to his son, already in France, and in a moment he dashes downstairs and lifts the receiver.

"Is Mrs. Stanton there?" inquired a metallic female voice.

"This is *Mister* Stanton," I replied. "Give me the message."

"I must speak to Mrs. Stanton!" retorted the person at the other end of the wire.

"If it's any bad news——" I choked. "Please—tell—*me!*"

"Oh, it isn't any bad news! I'm sorry if I frightened you," said SHE, for that is the only typographical method of describing this authoritative lady. "But I want Mrs. Stanton at once. I need her at the Pennsylvania Station."

Me. "What the ——! How do you mean? She's sound asleep in bed!"

SHE. "Naturally! This is Miss Pritchett talking, chairwoman of your wife's Committee of the Local Canteen. She's under orders, you know. We've fifteen hundred soldiers coming in from Spartanburg at four o'clock and it's now two fifty-five. I've got to get thirty women down there to feed those men in an hour, Mrs. Stanton among them. I shall see that the food is there."

Me. "But——! How on earth! You can't expect my wife to get up in the middle of the night and go down to the Pennsylvania Station!"

SHE (icily). "Will—you—kindly—transmit—the—*order*—to—your—wife?"

Me. "Look here, Miss Whateveryournameis! You must have got hold of the wrong Stanton——" I stopped abruptly, confronted by the peculiar opaqueness of sound that clothes a transmitter when the other party has hung up.

After ruminating for a few minutes, Mr. Stanton returns upstairs; but already his wife is looking over the banisters, waiting for him.

"What is it?" she queried sharply. "Anything about Jack?"

After a few interrogations and replies the information was elicited that someone wanted Mrs. Stanton to go and help feed a lot of soldiers over at the Pennsylvania Station.

"Miss Pritchett—it was Miss Pritchett!" she almost shouted. "My captain! Order me a taxi, please, at once!" And quickly Mrs. Stanton was on the way to the railway station, her husband accompanying her, rather enjoying the adventure, including a friendly chat with one of the ladies who were waiting for the train, one whom he described as "a slender Artemis, whose cap was refusing to remain on her chestnut hair, and whose large grey eyes let themselves fall good naturedly upon mine as she tried to force the rebellious thing into place." Observing also near at hand a tall, middle-aged lady with a somewhat masculine type of countenance, he assumed that this must be Miss Pritchett, in command, and accordingly approached deferentially in order to apologise for any appearance of brusqueness on his part during the telephonic conversation earlier in the morning. But he was mistaken; it was "Artemis" who was Miss Pritchett. Soon the troop train rolls into the station; and here our author gives a touch which seems to reveal the artist and the prophet combined. For, with a slight sense of the unexpected, we find that the row of faces that look out of the windows are swarthy—it is a coloured regiment;—but of course this makes absolutely no difference in the alacrity and solicitude with which instantly the sandwiches and coffee are

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brought forward and dispensed by the ladies, and, happily, all this, too, is no mere imaginary scene, but represents actual fact and experience.

The author proceeds to introduce us to the various phases of life with which he comes in contact, under present conditions, bringing out vividly the manifestation of practical patriotism, devotion and self-sacrifice. But also, and sometimes with a suddenness which may cause a feeling of bewilderment, we are presented with examples of the opposite tendency, the shirking of responsibility, and even the making use of the national emergency for personal advantage, this being often accompanied by specious attempts at self-justification.

Space will not permit the quoting of further examples of the author's method of imparting what he wishes to convey; but the foregoing remarks may indicate that while recording much that gives cause for pride and thankfulness, the book sounds a "serious call" to those who are not yet awake to the claims of the crisis. And, toward the end, the appeal is presented with increased urgency and insistence; so that it is not surprising, though highly interesting, to learn that an eminent personage whose name is a household word for patriotic energy and zeal, expressed the opinion that the concluding pages of *The Earthquake* might well be published separately as a "Tract for the times."

It should be remarked, in conclusion, that amid the delineation of various types of character, often accompanied by playful humour, the trend and tendency of this book will, in the main, promote, not a harsh, but a kindly view of men and things; and the writer of whom this can be said would be on that ground, even if on no other, entitled to be described as one who is "serving his day and generation."

Aberdeen and Temair
(Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, K.T.)

III

GEORGE INNESS, JR.'S "LIFE, ART, AND LETTERS OF GEORGE INNESS"*

One is inclined to regret, in view of Mr. Inness's particularly close association with his father, that he has chosen to make his biography strictly objective rather than intimate. "What I would like to give you," he informs the reader, "is George Inness; as he was, as he talked, as he lived—not what I saw in him or how I interpreted him, but *him* . . . in other words, I will put the pigment on the canvas and leave it to you to form the picture;" and the result is a figure that is somewhat isolated, remote, and unsympathetic. Mr. Inness's anecdotes and the letters and conversations which he reproduces have obviously been selected to portray the living man rather than to give a careful record of a long life. One misses the details of the long friendships in which men express most completely their own individuality as well as their common humanity, and the little domesticities and irrelevancies which give warmth and colour to a personality. Perhaps this is inevitable in any biography of less than two volumes.

Yet, after all, it must be recognised that by far the most important events of Inness's life were those that transpired entirely within himself,

*Life, Art, and Letters of George Inness. By George Inness, Jr. With an Introduction by Elliot Daingerfield. New York: Century Company.

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and that his contact with the world about him was, on the whole, incidental. He was as pure an example of the "genius" as this country has produced. We read that he was "a dreamer, an idealist from early childhood," who "lived much in a world of his own imaginings;" that "art with him was life itself; it was his religion," and that "his contempt for the commercial aspect of life was profound." "Out of doors he was quiet, rational, and absorbed. But in his studio he was like a madman. . . . His best work was ever accomplished at white heat and under great emotion." "He was the most impersonal of men. He was never interested in himself as a man, though he was interested in the artistic man." And there are the usual engaging stories of absent-mindedness, of youthful inspiration, of great power of concentration, and a hundred other signs of possession by a purpose greater than himself. Inness seems to have suffered less than most of the clan from loneliness and misunderstanding; his spirit was too eager and too confident for that; but I know of no other book that is so full of that deeper pathos which is still more inseparable from the thing we call genius—the tragedy of the soul so torn by something within it struggling madly toward the unattainable that it never achieves the full self-consciousness or the poise of maturity.

Mr. Inness, however, is himself a painter and was for many years his father's pupil and associate, and he does not allow either the man or the genius, interesting as it may be, to overshadow the artist. His treatment of George Inness as a painter is full and many-sided. Inness's first ambition, it seems, was to combine the "lofty striving" of Cole with the "more intimate feeling" of Durand. As to later influences his son is rather sceptical. "I attach little importance to the influence that foreign travel had on the art of Inness . . . for from the very start he strove to overthrow the old traditions, and tried to paint the landscape as he saw and felt it." But he remarks elsewhere that there is probably more of Constable in his father's work than of any of the French school. Inness considered Titian the greatest colourist who ever lived; he chose Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny as the leading French landscape painters; he named a daughter after Rosa Bonheur. He greatly admired Turner, but was capable of calling *The Slave Ship* "the greatest piece of claptrap ever painted." He detested the Impressionists, especially Monet, and the Pre-Raphaelites. His adverse criticisms were full of ferocity, but one sentence from a letter written to a newspaper deserves immortality: "I am not interested in painters who find it necessary to label themselves." His theories of art were recondite and intricately involved with his peculiar and intense religious life. It is to be regretted that some of the space given to these theories is not devoted to tracing their actual influence on his paintings. And a second problem, evidently closely related to this, is also left untouched. How could a man who painted with such physical fury, often stripping to the waist to gain greater freedom of action, produce pictures which are so smooth and placid and harmonious? Tintoretto and Delacroix, who worked in the same tempo, stamped each picture unmistakably with the mark of their impetuosity, but an Inness

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might have been painted by the most painstaking and methodical of artists. Several possible clues are given: his habit of working from memory rather than from nature, his oft-repeated sigh, "If I could only paint it without paint!" and his insatiable desire to repaint his finished pictures; but the problem remains practically intact for some future investigator.

The book is not only the most important contribution to the literature that has grown up around George Inness, but is one of the most interesting and most valuable biographies yet inspired by an American artist.

Carl H. P. Thurston.

IV

GULD, THE CAVERN KING*

A happy experience for all children—and again we have to say "of whatever age"—lies in Mary L. B. Branch's *Guld, the Cavern King.* This lovely bit of imaginative writing is dedicated to the author's daughter, Anna Hempstead Branch. And one is certain that it was on such beautiful fare, so phrased, so fancied, that Miss Branch's poetry, and her nature, were first fed.

The story of Guld is laid in the land of the kobalds, in deep caverns and misty ways. But the ways lead out, and all through the book come the intimations of it—the "noon-spot," where the cavern people came to see whether it was noon, because this spot before the king's door glowed a little when noon came; the high windows in the rooms of the kings, because kings must have the light near; the cave "with a sky," where Uncle Bonn crept away in secret; the long stair, leading to another stair, and another, up which the foster-mother went to part the vines and see outside, and from which she brought back the two fresh red roses; the replies of the hill people, on market-day, when Little King Guld questions them and after long thought, says:

I should like to step out.

And last, the renouncing of the kingdom to go forth, half the people following. In all this the imagery, and the sheer art of the handling, and the quaint, lovely phrasing give their bestowals not less than the really exciting adventures of little Guld. In all the lierature of childhood, there is nothing of greater charm than the three pages of the little chapter "Choose Your Ruler." Here the long threads are drawn into a shining tassel of a minute, and art, and adventure, and the symbolising of eternal verities combine to make a moving climax.

The gentle atmosphere of certain bits, given as faint, little repetends mark the story as the children's own. "Very well, since you have thought of it"—comes with the power of some loved family phrase, grown dear through covering with it many a moment of minds not quite one, but instantly fused when those words fall. The cave that was "room-shaped," making once-for-all an entity of the word "room," and no longer a generic. And the serpents' *dens.* And the hair that went up, not in curls, but in the beginnings of curls. And Hippa, who never smiled, because "she was of a very serious disposition,"—making a lady of a phrase. All the words of the

*Guld, the Cavern King. By Mary L. B. Branch. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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author come with gentle authority, even "Some writers have made the mistake of stating that kobold cows are blue, but this is not so."

It is a joyous and memorable little book, with its chapters all hung upon texts of William Morris and Philip Bourke Marston and Lewis Carroll and John Davidson and Herrick. Every child will be happier and will love beautiful things a little more if Guld comes to live where he lives.

Zona Gale.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

Raemakers' Cartoon History of the War. Vol. I. By Louis Raemakers. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

A collection of war cartoons in chronological order.

Pictures of War Work in America. By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

Pencil sketches of our great industries under war pressure.

The Western Front. Drawings by Muirhead Bone. Vol. I. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Haig. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Sketches of the battle front and of the devastated country of France with descriptive text.

Biography

Confessions of the Czarina. By Count Paul Vassili. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $2.00.

The fascinating human story of a greatly misunderstood woman. Her unhappy life is described, and her own love story.

Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by His Son, E. A. Helps. New York: John Lane Company. With frontispiece. $4.00.

The subject was a notable figure among the literary men of the last century and he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Queen Victoria; while he was also on terms of intimacy with Tennyson, Gladstone, Ruskin and all the big figures of the day.

In the Days of Victoria. By Thomas F. Plowman. New York: John Lane Company. With fifteen illustrations. $3.00.

A vivid picture of a long and diversified career among all sorts and conditions of men.

Business and Finance

The Romance of Commerce. By H. Gordon Selfridge. New York: John Lane Company. With numerous illustrations. $3.00.

The author is the owner of the great American department store in London. His book is an exhaustive history of the development of international commerce.

Scientific Distribution. By Charles F. Higham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Advertising as a tremendous new force and the ally of righteous government and sound education.

Co-operation the Hope of the Consumer. By Emerson P. Harris. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A description of the operation of a co-operative store and of its advantages.

Organized Banking. By Eugene E. Agger. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

The underlying principles of the organising of American commercial banking on a national scale.

Civics

The A B C of Voting. By Marion B. Cothren. With an Introduction by Governor Charles S. Whitman. New York: The Century Company. $.60.

On government and politics, written especially for the women of New York State.

Domestic Science

Economy Cook Book. By Maria McIlvaine Gillmore. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

Based on the directions of the Food Administration of the United States. Written in simple, practical manner, with a great many recipes.

Everyday Foods in War Time. By Mary Swartz Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company. $.80.

A message about food in war time. How to save is treated, and how to lessen the cost of living.

Caroline King's Cook Book. By Caroline B. King. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

Simple recipes for modest but good cooking.

Drama and the Movies

Why Marry? By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A new edition, which is now justified by the great success of this comedy on the stage.

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The Art of Photoplay Making. By Victor O. Freeburg. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Intended especially for those who write or would like to write moving-picture scenarios.

Purple Youth. By Robert DeCamp Leland. A Play in One Act. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.00.

The conflict of youth and age built about one of our modern protagonists, the vice crusader.

Problems of the Actor. By Louis Calvert. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.60.

A text-book of the craft, written with the autobiographic touch adding sympathy and humour.

They the Crucified. By Florence Taberholt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Two war plays of the French and their invaders.

The Sandbar Queen. By George Cronyn.

The Angel Intrudes. By Floyd Dell.

Night. By James Oppenheim. New York: Egmont Arens. 35 cents each.

The beginning of a series of small volumes of plays suitable for the little theatre. The plays have been used by the Washington Square Players, the Provincetown Players, and the Greenwich Village Players. The plays will be brought out at intervals of one month, and it is announced that one year's subscription, including 12 plays, may be had for $3.00. The publisher is known especially as the leader of the People's Symphony Concerts of New York, which have been very successful in popularising the best music.

Education

The Story of a Small College. By Isaac Sharpless. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

The story of Haverford by its president from 1887 to 1917.

Essays

Glimpses of the Cosmos. A Mental Biography. By Lester F. Ward, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Essays on a great variety of subjects, with special emphasis on geology and sociology. Will appeal more particularly to the scientist and technician.

Fiction

Gold and Iron. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Three short stories characteristic of American life and strife.

Mashi and Other Stories. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Short stories of the East, with the author's accustomed imagination and weird, fascinating descriptions.

The Enchanted Barn. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A story of the dreams of a young girl and of the enchantment that the world holds for her.

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

The domestic complications of an English aristocratic family centring about the uncertainties of the heroine's heart interests.

Gaslight Sonatas. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.40.

The revealing of women's hearts and what they feel and think in the whirlpool of modern city life. A collection of short stories.

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A continuation of the adventures of the half-man, half-ape hero.

The Devil to Pay. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

A bank president involved in a crime causes all kinds of complications in the family life of the hero and heroine.

The Secret of the Marne. How Sergeant Fritsch Saved France. By Marcel Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A story built around the week at the Marne when von Kluck's flank was turned.

Gossamer to Steel. By Janet Payne Bowles. New York: Dunstan and Company. $1.25.

The story of a girl's soul, which the late William James highly recommended. This is a new edition.

The Spy in Black. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A German U-boat commander tells the story of his escapades as a spy in England. The stories appeared originally in one of the more sensatoinal metropolitan dailies. Vivid and exciting, and a little too melo-dramatic.

The Amazing Interlude. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40. Illustrated.

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The unfolding of the heart of a young woman in a mid-Western town under the influence of the war in Europe.

The Making of George Groton. By Bruce Barton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

The dramatisation of success in business and love. The hero a country lad who conquers the difficulties of New York life.

His Second Wife. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The struggle between two wives, one living and the other dead, the latter still making her presence strongly felt. Of an analytical and rather intensive nature.

Branded. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35.

An innocent outlaw and his adventures in the rough life of the labour camps and gold fields.

Lord Tony's Wife. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

The story of an English courtier's love for a charming French maid of the aristocracy. The villain is a Revolutionist seeking revenge.

The Mainland. By E. L. Grant Watson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A continuation of the adventures of the characters in the author's earlier book, "Where Bonds are Loosed." A story of adventures in the wild places of the earth.

The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A humourous account of the adventures of two American Red Cross men.

My Airman Over There. By His Wife. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. $1.35.

The story of the woman who stays behind and of her feelings.

Professor Latimer's Progress. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.40.

The *Atlantic Monthly* serial now in book form, describing the thoughts and feelings of a middle-aged American scholar when war broke upon the world.

The Panama Plot. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Harper and Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A Craig Kennedy detective story laid in South America, with the usual scientific embellishments.

The Boardman Family. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The story of the rebellion of a home-bred, secluded woman whose emancipation is brought about by her work and art.

The Flying Poilu. By Marcel Nadaud. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

The tale of a Paris street urchin who wins his way to the Aviation Corps. It pictures a life of daring flights and fearless exploits.

First the Blade. By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The love story of two youngsters and their development under its influence. It is called "A Comedy of Growth."

The Lonely Stronghold. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

Of the adventures of a home-bred English girl who starts out into the world of deeds.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. With an Introduction by H. C. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

H. G. Wells's preface highly recommends the book. It is of the realistic school characteristic of the younger English writers.

Before the Wind. By Janet Laing. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A war story dealing with those men and women of leisure who embellish life in times of peace and who are more than usually cumbersome under conditions of war.

Shandygaft. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

The confessions of a young man who has lived the ordinary beer and ginger-beer (which is shandygaft) life in New York City. Filled with homely humour and every-day life optimism.

The Book of High Romance. By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A modern American adventurer in the world of business who, like the Crusaders of old, sees through the material world a great spiritual ideal.

Old People and the Things That Pass. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A realistic novel of vivid and intense character delineation, portraying the effect of a tragically romantic past upon the younger generation.

Mrs. Marden's Ordeal. By James Hay, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

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A society novel with a mystery, bringing in the modern theories of psychoanalysis.

Kathleen's Probation. By Joslyn Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

The story of a college-bred, trained nurse seeking her way under modern conditions and opportunities for women. An analytical study.

The Flying Teuton. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A collection of short stories, the title one of which was most favourably described by Edward J. O'Brien in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN.

The House of Intrigue. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A detective story with many adventures and mysteries and with the usual love and sentimental passages.

The Holy City. Jerusalem II. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

Stories of the Gordon Colony founded by Americans. A conclusion of the story begun in Jerusalem.

Greatheart. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A love story the scene of which is largely laid in Switzerland. The young heroine develops a flirtation which portends catastrophe.

The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem. Translated from the French by Frank Alvah Dearborn. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $.50.

Purports to be the diary of the German Kaiser on his trip to the Holy Land shortly before the outbreak of the war. This material originally appeared in *Le Rire* of Paris, the edition containing which being immediately suppressed.

The Book of Artemas. Anonymous. New York: George H. Doran Company. $.50.

Written in Biblical style as a humourous sketch of the salient men and events in the world struggle. Rather funny reading.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A realistic story projecting the conflict between the industrial revolution and the romantic movement in labour as going on in England at the present time.

His Job. By Horace Bleackley. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.

A domestic story of the problems of the home and of business, set in the English lower middle class.

The Man Who Lost Himself. By H. De-Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane and Company. $1.40.

A mystery story of a mixed identity, with humour and bewildering complications.

The Wire Devils. By Frank L. Packard. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.

A mystery and adventure tale of the masters of the wire and of the secret cipher code.

Front Lines. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Stories of life in the trenches, giving a picture of what the men are living through.

Tales of Wartime France. By William L. McPherson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Short French war stories describing the life among all kinds and conditions of men in their daily lives behind the line.

Merry Andrew. By F. Roney Weir. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.35.

A novel suitable for young people as well as for grown-ups. A wholesome out-of-doors-life story.

He Who Breaks. By Inna Demens. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A live story of the analytical variety.

Juvenile

Polly's Garden. By Helen Ward Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $.75.

A juvenile Pollyanna.

Winona's War Farm. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of war work done by Camp Fire Girls and Boy Scouts and of the good times they had while doing it.

Stephen's Last Chance. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of Montana ranch life.

The Little Lame Prince. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $.50.

A new edition of a well-known fairy story.

Wonderful Stories. Winning the V. C. in the Great War. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With fifty-seven pictures by well-known artists.

A collection of stories describing heroic deeds at the various fronts of the Great

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War. Written in simple, dramatic style, with pictures a little too idealistic and obvious.

The Blue Jays in the Sierras. By Helen Ellsworth. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated., $1.25.

The camp experiences of a lively family of little folks.

The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

The story of a New York boy and his adventures in learning to fly, and then his escapades on the Western Front.

The Adventures of Bobby Coon. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 50 cents.

Devoted to the adventures of the animal; telling of his pranks, his good times, his enemies and his friends.

Military and Naval

Bombs and Hand Grenades. By Captain Bertram Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A handbook of instruction covering the subject of explosive missiles, bombs, rifle and hand grenades and fuses.

The Navy as a Fighting Machine. By Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A new edition for popular study of our navy and its place in the naval power of the world.

Aircraft and Submarines. By Willis J. Abbot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With one hundred illustrations, mostly full-page and some in colour. $3.50.

The uses and effectiveness of these two types of engines of war, written from a popular non-technical point of view.

Poetry

The Sword Unsheathed. By R. H. Langford. Kansas City. Franklin Hudson Publishing Company. $1.00.

Describing the people reacting to the German menace.

Evening Hours. By Emile Verhaeren. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

Poems illustrating the spiritual significance in the toil and soil of human life.

Rough Rhymes of a Padre. By "Woodbine Willie," M.C., Chaplain to the Forces. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

Genuine human verses of a religious nature centring about the figure of the regimental chaplain.

The Stag's Hornbook. Edited by John McClure. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.60.

A collection of the best convivial and merry verse of the English language from early days to the present.

American Poetry. Edited by Percy H. Boynton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

An anthology of American poetry from the earliest times to the present day, with brief critical comments.

The Day and Other Poems. By Henry Chappell. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

English war poems that have had a large circulation in this country. Of the emotional and human variety.

Lover's Gift and Crossing. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A collection of the author's latest poems.

A Pagan Anthology. The Pagan Publishing Company.

Composed entirely of poems by contributors to the Pagan Magazine.

The Habitant and Other Typical Poems. By William Henry Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A new edition dedicated to our fighters.

Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25.

Songs of the developing Middle West, characteristic of American life and effort.

A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

Stories of the birds and their habits done into verse.

The Soldier's Scrap Book. By George O. Van Camp. Ridgewood: William R. Kane. 60 cents.

Stirring poems with some pages of miscellaneous information. In a convenient pocket size khaki-bound volume.

Songs of Sunrise. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Mostly reminiscent of Ireland and some dealing with everyday life in this country.

Political Science

India and the Future. By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. $3.00.

On the relations between Great Britain and India, with the thesis that India must become self-governing.

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Social Democracy Explained. By John Spargo. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

The essential aspects of socialism as a theory rather than from its political party side.

The Limits of Pure Democracy. By W. H. Mallock. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

An effort to establish the theory that democracy is the natural system of government only for small communities and that its possibility vanishes as states increase in size and industry becomes complicated.

The World Significance of a Jewish State. By A. A. Berle, A.M., D.D. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Zionist movement, its opportunity and position in world affairs.

The Aims of Labour. By Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents.

The Secretary of the British Labour Party analyses the shifting of labour's aims and position in the world.

Frontiers of Freedom. By Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A collection of the speeches of our Secretary of War made between December, 1917, and March, 1918, at a great variety of gatherings.

Science and Industry

The Automobile Storage Battery. Its Care and Repair. Chicago: American Bureau of Engineering, Inc. Illustrated.

A scientific and technical book for the operative and technician.

Sociology

Through War to Peace. By Albert G. Keller. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The present war from the point of view of sociological theory.

The Mythology of All Races, in thirteen volumes. Volume XII. Egyptian by W. Max Muller, Ph.D., Indo-Chinese by Sir James George Scott, K.C.I.E. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Illustrated. $6.00.

A literary, comprehensive and scholarly series. Indispensable for those interested in its subject.

Pebbles on the Shore. By Alpha of the Plough. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A collection of papers in the nature of causerie that appeared in a London daily which are now reprinted with attractive illustrations. They portray moods and thoughts in war time.

Spiritualism

Man Is a Spirit. By J. Arthur Hill. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A collection of data by one of the leaders in the psychical research movement upon cases of dream and of vision. The criticism is from a scientific objective attitude.

Sports and Games

Camp Craft. By Warren H. Miller. With an Introduction by Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

A new edition of a primer for campers-out.

Foster on Auction. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

The complete exposition of the latest development of modern auction by a well-known authority.

Camping Out. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Practical advice and interesting discussions of the pleasures for campers. The author is the editor of *Field and Stream.*

The Post Mark Collection Book of the United States. Montclair: Cushman. $1.00.

A blank book something on the order of an ordinary boy's stamp collection album, with places for post marks grouped under the different States.

Theology

The New Horizon of Church and State. By William Herbert Perry Faunce. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

The relation of the Church and the State to the New World conditions of to-day.

Psychology and Preaching. By Charles S. Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A story of the important mental processes involved in preaching from the standpoint of functional psychology.

Just a Minute. By Charles Frederic Goss. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company. 75 cents.

Philosophical paragraphs for the religiously minded.

Counterfeit Miracles. By Benjamin W. Warfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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An investigation along the order of "higher criticism" of the post-Biblical miracles from the second century to our own times, including the so-called cures of Christian Science. The thesis is that no real miracles have been performed since Apostolic times.

Religious Education in the Church. By Henry F. Cope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

On the Church's work in the present world crisis and its present opportunity.

Travel and Description

Historic Mackinac. By Edwin O. Wood, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $12.50.

The historical, picturesque and legendary features of the Mackinac country.

In Audubon's Labrador. By Charles Wendell Townsend, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

The account of a summer cruise along that part of the Labrador coast which Audubon has made familiar. A record of travel off the beaten track by one who is known especially as an ornithologist.

War

The Escape of a Princess Pat. By George Pearson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

The early days of the war. The author was imprisoned in Germany for fifteen months and escaped to Holland, to tell of his personal experiences.

Over Periscope Pond. By Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Letters from two American girls engaged in charitable work in Paris, grouped to form a continuous narrative.

War Time Control of Industry. By Howard L. Gray. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Successive stages in the development of governmental control, showing especially what has been done in England.

Letters from an American Soldier to His Father. By Lieut. Curtis Wheeler. S. R. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

Lieutenant Wheeler is the son of the editor of *Current Opinion*, and his letters are among the first to describe American army life.

Where Do You Stand? By Herman Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

An appeal to Americans of German origin.

The Real Front. By Arthur Hunt Chute, First Canadian Contingent. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

The story of a war correspondent who turned soldier and who describes the feelings particularly of his comrades.

Above the French Lines. By Stuart Walcott. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Frontispiece. $1.00.

Letters of an American aviator describing his experiences.

Attack. By Edward Liveing. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

A short account of the attack on Gommecourt, part of the first great attack which began the battle of the Somme.

"Ladies From Hell." By R. Douglas Pinkerton. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The Germans' name for the Scotchmen. Details of their training and fighting, with much of the horrors and the splendours of the war.

Mexico's Dilemma. By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The well-known traveller estimates the significance of the German activities in Mexico, with an effort to outline Mexico's position and present difficulties.

Blocking New Wars. By Herbert S. Houston. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.00.

A member of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States takes up the hope of permanent peace from the point of view of economics.

A Soldier Unafraid. By Capt. Andre Cornet-Auquier. Translated with an Introduction by Theodore Stanton, M. A. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

Letters from the trenches on the Alsatian front. A human document from a highly educated young professor.

Holding the Line. By Sergeant Harold Baldwin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Pictures of training and camp life and of incidents of the trenches.

Over the Threshold of War. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $5.00.

Personal experiences from the diary of a traveller through the belligerent countries before our entrance into the war.

Lloyd George and the War. By an Independent Liberal. New York: The Macmillan Company. $.80.

A personal history of the statesman's part in great historical events.

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Actions and Reactions in Russia. By R. Scotland Liddell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $5.00.

The personal experiences of a traveller in Russia and at the Russian front. There are many illuminating observations of the Russian character and the forces at work there.

The Last of the Romanoffs. By Charles Rivet. Translated by Hardress O'Grady. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

The story of the Russian Revolution up to the point at which Lenine came into power.

Soldiers' English and Italian Conversation Book. Translat d and adapted by Ida Dickinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A little pocket volume giving the Italian of the ordinary soldier life phrases.

A Minstrel in France. By Harry Lauder. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

The great humourist sees both the pathetic and the lighter sides of the struggle. Particularly interesting in view of the fact that his whole efforts since the death of his son at the front have been given to the prosecution of the war.

Men in War. By Andreas Latzko. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

Realism artistically set forth by a former officer in the Austrian army upon whom the barbarities of the Hun wrought a change of soul.

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

An eye-witness record of Russia in revolution. By an American photographer.

Just Behind the Front in France. By Noble Foster Hoggson. New York: John Lane Company.

A New York architect and member of the American Industrial Commission to France describes his observation.

Over Here. By Lieut. Hector MacQuarrie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A British officer, invalided and now giving his services to lecturing in this country, describes his varied experiences.

"Speaking of Prussians—" By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. $.50.

A stirring appeal to Americans by an eye-witness of the horrors of war.

Europe's Fateful Hour. By Guglielmo Ferrerro. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.

The great Italian historian outlines the fundamental issues of the great struggle from the point of view of the evolution of civilisation.

Crescent and Iron Cross. By F. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

An analysis of conditions in the Ottoman Empire and the reasons for Germany's foothold there at present, with intimation of what the author believes necessary for the Allies to accomplish in that field.

The Way Out of War. By Robert T. Morris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.00.

Taking the biological argument that man is subject to the law of the survival of the fittest, the author develops the argument, beating this thesis on its own ground.

Runaway Russia. By Florence MacLeod Harper. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

The Russian revolution as seen through a woman's eyes and with special reference to the cataclysm as it is affecting women. The author was in the midst of the revolution from the beginning until the passing of Kerensky.

The War and After. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

An analysis of social and spiritual thinking and conditions of the immediate past and present, with an inquiry into the possible future relations of men to each other and of the nations to Germany.

"Over There" with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50.

The personal experiences of an intelligence officer in the trenches and in No Man's Land. A highly recommended book.

Face to Face with Kaiserism. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A continuance of the author's former book, *My Four Years in Germany*, carrying the narrative up to the time of Mr. Gerard's return home, with some observations on the situation in this country.

"The Dark People"—Russia's Crisis. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The constructive forces at work to make a nation—the various political parties, army, railroads, industrial and labour problems and lastly the peasants and their thoughts and lives. Author recently returned from Russia.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of April and the first of May:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Sonia	The Tree of Heaven
	"Over There" with the Australians	Outwitting the Hun
New York City	Martial Adventures of Henry and Me	The Tree of Heaven
	Over There and Back	First Call
Baltimore, Md.	The Tree of Heaven	Christine
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Baltimore, Md.	The Unwilling Vestal	The Tree of Heaven
	Glory of the Trenches	Outwitting the Hun
Birmingham, Ala.	Oh, Money! Money!	The Restless Sex
	The First Call	Over the Top
Boston, Mass.	The Pawn's Count	Oh, Money! Money!
	The Glory of the Trenches	"Over There" with the Australians
Boston, Mass.	The Pawn's Count	Vicky Van
	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Outwitting the Hun
Boston, Mass.	Oh, Money! Money!	The Pawn's Count
	First Call	Glory of the Trenches
Buffalo, N. Y.	Oh, Money! Money!	The Tree of Heaven
	Glory of the Trenches	Face to Face with Kaiserism
Chicago, Ill.	U. P. Trail	The Pawn's Count
	"Over There" with the Australians	Over the Top
Chicago, Ill.	U. P. Trail	The Major
	My Four Years in Germany	Outwitting the Hun
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Tree of Heaven	The Making of George Groton
	Outwitting the Hun	Holding the Line
Dallas, Texas	The Major	White Morning
	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Gunner Depew
Denver, Col.	U. P. Trail	The Tree of Heaven
	Gunner Depew	Carry On
Des Moines, Iowa	Oh, Money! Money!	U. P. Trail
	Gunner Depew	Private Peat
Houston, Tex.	The Pawn's Count	Ladies Must Live
	Gunner Depew	A Yankee in the Trenches
Jacksonville, Fla.	U. P. Trail	The Restless Sex
	Private Peat	Over the Top
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Tree of Heaven	Oh, Money! Money!
	Face to Face with Kaiserism	"Over There" with the Australians
Louisville, Ky.	Sonia	Firefly of France
	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Glory of the Trenches
Memphis, Tenn.	The Heart's Kingdom	U. P. Trail
	Outwitting the Hun	Face to Face with Kaiserism
Milwuakee, Wis.	The Tree of Heaven	Carolyn of the Corners
	Private Peat	Conscript No. 2989

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Bag of Saffron	Love and Liberty	White Morning	Best Short Stories of 1917
Under Fire	Glory of the Trenches	En L'air	Iron Ration
The Revellers	Mary Regan	Vicky Van	Vanguards of the Plains
A Yankee in the Trenches	Face to Face with Kaiserism	A Student in Arms	Under Fire
The Pawn's Count	Oh, Money! Money!	Five Tales	Best Short Stories of 1917
Glory of the Trenches	Carry On	Under Fire	Comrades in Courage
The U. P. Trail	Mystery of the Downs	The Pawn's Count	The House of Whispers
In the Heart of German Intrigue	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Dark People	A Flying Fighter
Kitty Canary	The Pawn's Count	The Bag of Saffron	Three of Hearts
Carry On	Glory of the Trenches	Private Peat	Under Fire
Five Tales	The Boardman Family	The Bag of Saffron	The White Morning
Outwitting the Hun	Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Father of a Soldier	Warfare of To-day
Oh, Money! Money!	Flower of Chapdelaines	Gossip Ship	Autumn Sowing
Land of Deepening Shadow	Glory of the Trenches	First Call	A Student in Arms
The U. P. Trail	The Earthquake	The Flower of Chapdelaines	Branded
Face to Face with Kaiserism	Outwitting the Hun	All In It	Private Peat
The Pawn's Count	Mary Regan	Revellers	Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar
The Big Fight	"Over There" with the Australians		
Oh, Money! Money!	The Tree of Heaven	The Earthquake	The Restless Sex
Holding the Line	Over There and Back	Outwitting the Hun	Gunner Depew
The Tree of Heaven	Carolyn of the Corners	Oh, Money! Money!	His Daughter
Private Peat	Holding the Line	Under Fire	Over the Top
Sonia	The Boardman Family	The Pawn's Count	U. P. Trail
German Atrocities	With the Colors	Gunner Depew	Face to Face with Kaiserism
Ninety-six Hours' Leave	Missing	U. P. Trail	Keys of Heaven
Outwitting the Hun	A Student in Arms	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	Cavalry of the Clouds
Christine	The Major	The Secret Witness	White Ladies of Worcester
Over the Top	First Call	Private Peat	My Four Years in Germany
The Tree of Heaven	The Courage of Marge O'Doone	The Major	The Apple Tree Girl
Comrades in Courage	Holding the Line	Glory of the Trenches	Cavalry of the Clouds
Anne's House of Dreams	Sun That Was His	His Own Home Town	West is West
First Call	All In It	Over the Top	Outwitting the Hun
The Pawn's Count	The Hope Chest	Oh, Money! Money!	Sonia
My Four Years in Germany	Gunner Depew	A Student in Arms	Soldier of the Sky
U. P. Trail	The Major	Under Fire	The Earthquake
Glory of the Trenches	A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	A Yankee in the Trenches	A Student in Arms
The Flame	U. P. Trail	When Bearcat Went Dry	The Tree of Heaven
Out There	Gunner Depew	Covered with Mud and Glory	Warfare of To-day
Luck of the Irish	Christine	Definite Object	Over Here
Gunner Depew	Private Peat	Over the Top	First Call
Simba	Flower of the Chapdelaines	The Pawn's Count	The Three of Hearts
"Over There" with the Australians	Shellproof Mack	Under Fire	The Real Front

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(*Continued*)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	White Morning Face to Face with Kaiserism
New Haven, Conn.	The Restless Sex "Over There" with the Australians	The Boardman Family Face to Face with Kaiserism
New Orleans, La.	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	Flower of the Chapdelaines Private Peat
Norfolk, Va.	U. P. Trail Lost Naval Papers	Kitty Canary First Call
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun	The Pawn's Count "Over There" with the Australians
Philadelphia, Pa.	Vicky Van Private Peat	Bag of Saffron The War and the Bagdad Railway
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Tree of Heaven Outwitting the Hun	False Faces German Atrocities
Portland, Maine	Oh, Money! Money! Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Pawn's Count Glory of the Trenches
Providence, R. I.	The Pawn's Count "Over There" with the Australians	Oh, Money! Money! Glory of the Trenches
Richmond, Va.	Kitty Canary Over the Top	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches
Rochester, N. Y.	Oh, Money! Money! The Big Fight	U. P. Trail Glory of the Trenches
St. Paul, Minn.	The Tree of Heaven Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Pawn's Count Private Peat
San Antonio, Texas	Red Planet Over the Top	Long Live the King First Call
San Francisco, Cal.	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat	Twinkletoes A Yankee in the Trenches
Seattle, Wash.	U. P. Trail Face to Face with Kaiserism	The Tree of Heaven Over the Top
Spokane, Wash.	U. P. Trail Over the Top	The Major Private Peat
Springfield, Mass.	Golden Block First Call	Oh, Money! Money! Out There
Tacoma, Wash.	U. P. Trail Fragments from France	Christine Flying Fighter
Toronto, Ont.	Oh, Money! Money! Over the Top	U. P. Trail Private Peat
Utica, N. Y.	U. P. Trail Outwitting the Hun	The Tree of Heaven Private Peat
Washington, D. C.	The Tree of Heaven Glory of the Trenches	The Pawn's Count Outwitting the Hun
Worcester, Mass.	Oh, Money! Money! Outwitting the Hun	The Pawn's Count Face to Face with Kaiserism

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Best Short Stories of 1917	Boy Woodburn	Mistress of Men	The Pawn's Count
Comrades in Courage	The Mad Monk of Russia	"Over There' with the Australians	The Father of a Soldier
Enchanted Barn	The Threshold	The Earthquake	Branded
Women and War Work	In the Heart of German Intrigue	My Four Years in Germany	Iron Ration
Missing	U. P. Trail	Oh, Money! Money!	Kitty Canary
Land of Deepening Shadow	Three Things	All In It	Carry On
Salute to Adventurers	The Restless Sex	Vicky Van	Simba
Aliens	Brown Brethern		
U. P. Trail	Vicky Van	Oh, Money! Money!	Carolyn of the Corners
Private Peat	Face to Face with Kaiserism		
U. P. Trail	Gertie Swartz	The Tree of Heaven	Missing
Green Tent in Flanders	The Bolsheviki and World Peace	Over the Top	My Home in the Field of Mercy
U. P. Trail	Best Short Stories of 1917	Gossip Ship	
Face to Face with Kaiserism	Carry On	Under Fire	America at War
Extricating Obadiah	Boy Woodburn	The Source	The Threshold
"Over There" with the Australians	Private Peat	Outwitting the Hun	A Yankee in the Trenches
The Earthquake	Flying Teuton	Bag of Saffron	Autumn Sowing
Outwitting the Hun	German Atrocities	First Call	Private Peat
White Morning	Oh, Money! Money!	U. P. Trail	
Outwitting the Hun	"Over There" with the Australians	Carry On	Private Peat
The Tree of Heaven	Vicky Van	False Faces	The Earthquake
Gunner Depew	"Over There" with the Australians	Outwitting the Hun	My Four Years in Germany
Anne's House of Dreams	Oh, Money! Money!	The Major	White Morning
Over the Top	Land of Deepening Shadow	Holding the Line	First Call
Dwelling Place of Light	Oh, Money! Money!	Kentucky Warbler	His Family
My Four Years in Germany	Carry On	On the Edge of the War Zone	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
The Pawn's Count	Aliens	Flame	U. P. Trail
Gunner Depew	First Call	All In It	Blown in by the Draft
The Major	White Morning	Salt of the Earth	Mary Regan
Private Peat	All In It	Flying Fighter	First Call
The Tree of Heaven	False Faces	Baree	The Salt of the Earth
Under Fire	Gunner Depew	All In It	A Yankee in the Trenches
The Threshold	U. P. Trail	Kitty Canary	The Pawn's Count
Blown in by the Draft	To Bagdad with the British	Outwitting the Hun	My Four Years in Germany
Oh, Money! Money!	Mary Regan	Calvary Alley	Green Mirror
Over the Top	In the Heart of German Intrigue	Face to Face with Kaiserism	Notebook of an Intelligence Officer
Bag of Saffron	The White Morning	The Spy in Black	False Faces
First Call	A Yankee in the Trenches	Gunner Depew	Germany at Bay
Brown Brethern	Comrades	The Pawn's Count	Drowsy
A Yankee in the Trenches	Glory of the Trenches	Soul of the Soldier	All In It
Kitty Canary	The Unwilling Vestal	Sonia	False Faces
Under Fire	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany	Private Peat
Extricating Obadiah	Turn About Eleanor	Sunshine Beggars	Girl from Keller's
Glory of the Trenches	Private Peat	First Call	Carry On

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BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 468-471) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

FICTION

The Tree of Heaven. Sinclair. (Macmillan.) $1.60 217
The U. P. Trail. Grey. (Harper.) $1.50 200
Oh, Money! Money! Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50 177
The Pawn's Count. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50..... 159
The Major. Connor. (Doran.) $1.40.. 55
White Morning. Atherton. (Stokes.) $1.00 48

WAR BOOKS

Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 171
Outwitting the Hun. O'Brien. (Harper.) $1.50 158
Face to Face with Kaiserism. Gerard. (Doran.) $2.00 157
Glory of the Trenches. Dawson. (Lane.) $1.00 148
Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.) $1.50 128
First Call. Empey. (Putnam.) $1.50. 107

A Complete List of Books Mentioned in the Foregoing Reports

Aliens
All In It
America at War
Anne's House of Dreams
Apple Tree Girl
Autumn Sowing
Bag of Saffron
Baree
Best Short Stories of 1917
Big Fight
Blown in by the Draft
Boardman Family
Bolsheviki and World Peace
Boy Woodburn
Branded
Brown Brethern
Calvary Alley
Carry On
Carolyn of the Corners
Cavalry of the Clouds
Christine
Comrades
Comrades in Courage
Conscript 2989
Courage of Marge O'Doone
Covered with Mud and Glory
Dark People
Definite Object
Drowsy
Dwelling Place of Light
Earthquake
Enchanted Barn
En L'air
Extricating Obadiah
Face to Face with Kaiserism
False Faces
Father of a Soldier
Fighting for Peace
Firefly of France
First Call
Five Tales
Flame
Flower of Chapdelaines
Flying Fighter
Flying Teuton
Fragments from France
German Atrocities
Germany at Bay
Gertie Swartz
Girl from Keller's
Glory of the Trenches
Golden Block
Gossip Ship
Green Mirror
Green Tent in Flanders
Gunner Depew
Heart's Kingdom
His Daughter
His Family
His Own Home Town
Holding the Line
Hope Chest
House of Whispers
In Heart of German Intrigue
Iron Ration
Journal from Our Legation in Belgium
Kentucky Warbler
Keys of Heaven
Kitty Canary
Ladies Must Live
Land of Deepening Shadow
Long Live the King
Lost Naval Papers
Love and Liberty
Luck of the Irish
Mad Monk of Russia
Major
Making of George Groton
Martial Adventures of Henry and Me
Mary Regan
Missing
Mistress of Men
My Four Years in Germany
My Home in Field of Mercy
Mystery of the Downes
Ninety-six Hours' Leave
Notebook of an Intelligence Officer
Oh Money! Money!
On Edge of the War Zone
Out There
Outwitting the Hun
Over Here
Over There and Back
"Over There" with the Australians
Over the Top
Pawn's Count
Private Peat
Real Front
Red Planet
Restless Sex
Revellers
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
Salt of the Earth
Salute to Adventurers
Secret Witness
Shellproof Mack
Simba
Soldier of the Sky
Sonia
Soul of a Soldier
Source
Spy in Black
Student in Arms
Sun That Was His
Sunshine Beggars
Tarzan and Jewels of Opar
Three of Hearts
Threshold
To Bagdad with the British
Tree of Heaven
Turn About Eleanor
Twinkletoes
Under Fire
U. P. Trail
Unwilling Vestal
Vanguards of the Plains
Vicky Van
War and Bagdad Railway
Warfare of To-day
West is West
When Bearcat Went Dry
White Ladies of Worcester
White Morning
With the Colors
Women and War Work
Yankee in the Trenches

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